

THE
JONSON
NTHOLOGY.

1617-1637 A.D.

EDITED BY

PROFESSOR EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.,

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, ETC.

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;
Its loveliness increases.'

KEATS.

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1617-1637 A.D.

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III.	THE SPENSER ANTHOLOGY	1548-1591	A	.D.
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✓V.	THE JONSON ANTHOLOGY	1617-1637	A	.D
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THE
JONSON
ANTHOLOGY.

1617-1637 A.D.

O, do not wanton with those eyes !
Lest I be sick with seeing :
Nor cast them down , but let them rise !
Lest shame destroy their being.

O, be not angry with those fires !
For then their threats will kill me :
Nor look too kind on my desires !
For then my hopes will spill me.

O, do not steep them in thy tears !
For so will sorrow slay me :
Nor spread them, as distract with fears !
Mine own enough betray me !

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JONSON
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TO THE LADIES OF THE COURT.

COME, noble Nymphs! and do not hide
The joys, for which you so provide!
If not to mingle with us men;
What do you here? Go home again!

Your dressings do confess,
By what we see, so curious arts,
Of PALLAS' and ARACHNE'S arts,
That you could mean no less!

Why do you wear the silkworm's toils,
Or glory in the shell-fish spoils,
Or strive to show the grains of ore,
That you have gathered long before,
Whereof to make a stock
To graft the green em'rald on;
Or any better watered stone,
Or ruby of the rock?

Why do you smell of ambergris,
Whereof was form'd NEPTUNE'S niece,
The Queen of Love; unless you can,
Like sea-born VENUS, love a man? •

Try! Put yourselves unto 't! [mee,
Your looks, your smiles, and thoughts that
Ambrosian hands, and silver feet,
Do promise you will do 't!

SPRING all the Graces of the Age;
And all the Loves of Time!
Bring all the pleasures of the Stage;
And relishes of Rhyme!
Add all the softnesses of Courts;
The looks, the laughters, and the sports!
And mingle all their sweets and salts;
That none may say, 'The Triumph halts!'

AGAINST JEALOUSY.

WRETCHED and foolish Jealousy!
How can'st thou thus to enter me?
I ne'er was of thy kind!
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poor desire,
That others should not warm them at my fire!
I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruits and flowers, as well as mine!

But, under the disguise of Love,
Thou say'st, Thou only can'st to prove
What my affections were!
Think'st thou, That Love is helped by fear!
Go, get thee quickly forth!
Love's sickness, and his noted want of worth,
Seek doubting men to please:
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease!

Cramped for ever!
Still may Syllables jar with Time!
Still may Reason war with Rhyme!
Resting never!

May his Sense, when it would meet
The cold tumour in his Feet,
Grow unsounder!
And his title be long, 'Fool!'
That in rearing such a School,
Was the Founder!

[*PREFIXED TO EDWARD FILMER'S
FRENCH COURT AIRS, 1629.*]

WHAT charming Peals are these,
That, while they bind the senses, do so please!
They are the Marriage Rites
Of two, the choicest pair, of Man's delights,
Music and Poesy!
French Air and English Verse here wedded lie!

Who did this knot compose,
Again hath brought the Lily to the Rose;
And, with their chainèd dance,
Re-celebrates the joyful Match with France!'
They are a School to win
The fair French Daughter to learn English in;
And, gracèd with her Song,
To make the language sweet upon her tongue!

Ben Jonson, P.L.

1ST NYMPH. THUS, thus, begin the yearly rites
Are due to PAN, on these bright nights!
His morn now riseth; and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights!
All envious, and profane, away!
This is the Shepherds' Holiday!

2ND NYMPH. Strew, strew the glad and smiling ground
With every flower! yet not confound
The primrose drop, the Spring's own spouse!
Bright day's eyes! and the lips of cows!
The garden star, the queen of May!
The rose! to crown the Holiday.

3RD NYMPH Drop, drop, you violets! Change your hues!
Now red, now pale, as Lovers use:
And, in your death, go out as well
As when you lived, unto the smell!
That from your odour, all may say,
'This is the Shepherds' Holiday!'

IN THE PERSON OF WOMANKIND.

A SONG APOLOGETIC.

MEN! if you love us; play no more
The fools, or tyrants, with your friends!
To make us still sing o'er and o'er
Our own false praises, for your ends.
We have both wits and fancies too;
And, if we must, let 's sing of you!

Nor do we doubt but that we can,
If we would search with care and pain,
Find some one good, in some one man;
So, going through all your strain,
We shall, at last, of parcels make
One good enough for a Song's sake!

And as a cunning Painter takes,
In any curious piece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes,
Than when 'tis made: why, so will we!
And having pleased our art; we'll try
To make a new! and hang that by.

ANOTHER,

IN DEFENCE OF THEIR INCONSTANCY.

HANG up those dull and envious fools!
That talk abroad of Woman's Change.
We were not bred to sit on stools;
Our proper virtue is to range!
Take that away; you take our lives!
We are no Women *then*; but Wives!

Such as in valour would excel,
Do change, though Man; and often fight!
Which we, in Love, must do as well;
If ever we will love aright!
The frequent varying of the deed
Is that which doth perfection breed!

Ben Jonson, P.L.

Nor ~~is~~ 't Inconstancy, to change
For what is better! or to make,
By searching, what before was strange,
Familiar, for the use's sake! •
The good from bad is not descried,
But as 'tis often vexed and tried!

And this profession of a Store
In Love, doth not alone help forth
Our pleasure; but preserves us more
From being ~~for~~saken, than doth Worth!
For were the worthiest woman cursed
To love one man; he'd leave her first

To the old, long life and treasure!
To the young, all health and pleasure!
To the fair, their face
With eternal grace!
And the foul, to be loved at leisure!

To the witty, all clear mirrors!
To the foolish, their dark errors!
To the loving sprite,
A secure delight!
To the jealous, their own false terrors!

Ben Jonson, P.L.

A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS.

I. HIS EXCUSE FOR LOVING.

LET it not your wonder move,
Less your laughter, that I love!
Though I now write fifty years;
I have had, and have, my peers!

Poets, though divine, are men;
Some have loved, as old again!
And it is not always face,
Clothes, or fortune, gives the grace;
Or the feature, or the youth:
But the language, and the truth,
With the ardour, and the Passion,
Gives the Lover weight and fashion!

If you then will read the Story,
First prepare you, to be sorry
That you never knew till now,
Either Whom to love! or How!
But be glad as soon, with me,
When you know, that this is she,
Of whose beauty, it was sung,
'She shall make the old man young!
Keep the middle age at stay!
And let nothing high decay!
Till she be the reason why
All the World for love may die!'

II. *HOW HE SAW HER.*

I beheld her on a day,
When her look outflowed;
And her dressing did out;
All the pride, the fields the

Far I was from being stupid!
For I ran, and called on CUPID.

'LOVE, if thou wilt ever see
Mark of glory, come with me!
Where 's thy quiver? Bend thy bow!
Here 's a shaft! Thou art too slow!'

And, withal, I did untie
Every cloud about his eye:
But he had not gained his sight
Sooner than he lost his might,
Or his courage; for away
Straight he ran, and durst not stay!
Letting bow and arrow fall:
Nor for any threat, or call,
Could be brought once back to look.

I, foolhardy, there uptook
Both the arrow he had quit,
And the bow; with thought to hit
This my object: but she threw
Such a lightning, as I drew,
At my face, that took my sight
And my motion from me quite.
So that there I stood a stone,
Mocked of all: and called of one

Ben Jonson, P.L.

(Which with grief and wrath I heard).
'CUPID's statue with a beard ;
Or else one that played his ape,
In a HERCULES his shape !'

III. *WHAT HE SUFFERED.*

After many scorns like these,
Which the prouder Beauties please ;
She content was to restore
Eyes and limbs, to hurt me more !
And would, on conditions, be
Reconciled to LOVE and me :

First, that I must, kneeling, yield
Both the bow and shaft I held
Unto her : which LOVE might take
At her hand, with oath to make
Me the scope of his next draught,
Aimèd with that selfsame shaft.

He no sooner heard the law ;
But the arrow home did draw,
And (to gain her by his Art)
Left it sticking in my heart,

Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed ;
And would fain have changed the fate :
But the pity comes too late !

Loser-like, now, all my wreak
Is, that I have leave to speak !

Ben Jonson, P.L.

And, in either Prose or Song,
To revenge me, will I prove me!
Which how dexterous!
Hear! and make example.

IV. *HER TRIUMPH.*

See the Chariot at hand here of LOVE;
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan, or a dove;
And well the Car LOVE guideth!
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And, enamoured, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side, [ride!
Through swords, through seas; whither she would
Do but look on her eyes! They do light
All that Love's World compriseth!
Do but look on her hair! It is bright
As Love's star, when it riseth!
Do but mark! Her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her archèd brows, such a grace
• Sheds itself, through the face,
As alone there triumphs, to the life,
All the gain, all the good, of th' Elements' strife!
Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?

Ben Jonson, P.L.

Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver,
Or swan's down, ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar,
Or the 'nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet! is she.

V. HIS DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

Noblest CHARIS! you that are
Both my fortune and my star!
And do govern more my blood
Than the various Moon, the flood!
Hear, what late discourse of you,
Love and I have had; and true!
'Mongst my Muses, finding me;
Where he chanced your name to see
Set, and to this softer strain,
'Sure,' said he, 'if I have brain,
This, here sung, can be no other,
By description, but my mother!
So hath HOMER praised her hair!
So, ANACREON drawn the Air
Of her face; and made to rise,
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her brows, bent like my bow!
By her looks, I do her know;
Which you call, my shafts! And see,
Such my mother's blushes be!

Ben Jonson, P.L.

And the bath, your Verse discloses
In her cheeks, of milk and roses ;
Such as oft I wanton in !
And, above her even chin, ,
Have you placed the bank of kisses ;
Where, you say, men gather blisses !
Ripened with a breath more sweet
Than when flowers and west winds meet.
Nay, her white and polished neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my mother's ! Hearts of slain
Lovers made into a chain !
And between each rising breast,
Lies the valley called, My nest ;
Where I sit and proin my wings
After flight ; and put new stings
To my shafts ! Her very name,
With my mother's, is the same !'

'I confess all !' I replied,
'And the glass hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waist,
All is VENUS ; save unchaste !

'But, alas, thou seest the least
Of her good ; who is the best
Of her sex ! But couldst thou, LOVE !
Call to mind the Forms that strove
For the Apple, and those three
Make in one ; the same were she !
For this Beauty yet doth hide
Something more than thou hast spied !

Ben Jonson, P.L.

Outward grace weak love beguiles!
She is VENUS, when she smiles!
But she 's JUNO, when she walks!
And MINERVA, when she talks!'

VI. *CLAIMING A SECOND KISS BY DESERT.*

CHARIS! guess, and do not miss!
Since I drew a morning kiss
From your lips, and sucked an air
Thence, as sweet as you are fair;
What my Muse and I have done!

Whether we have lost, or won?
If, by us, the odds were laid,
That the Bride, allowed a Maid,
Looked not half so fresh and fair
(With th' advantage of her hair
And her jewels) to the view
Of th' assembly, as did you!

Or that you did sit, or walk,
You were more the eye and talk
Of the Court to-day, than all
Else that glistened in Whitehall!
So as those that had your sight,
Wished the Bride were changed to-night!
And did think such rites were due
To no other Grace but you!

Or if you did move to-night
In the dances, with what spite

Ben Jonson, P.L.

Of your peers you were beheld!
That, at every motion, swelled
So to see a Lady tread,
As might all the Graces lead:
And was worthy, being so seen,
To be envied of the Queen.

Or if you would yet have stayed;
Whether any would upbraid
To himself, his loss of time!
Or have charged his sight of crime;
To have left all sight, for you!

Guess of these which is the true?
And if such a Verse as this
May not claim another kiss?

VII. *BEGGING ANOTHER, ON COLOUR OF
MENDING THE FORMER.*

For LOVE's sake, kiss me once again!
I long, and should not beg in vain!

Here 's none to spy, or see!

Why do you doubt, or stay?

I'll taste as lightly as the bee!

That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.

• Once more! and, faith! I will be gone!

Can he that loves, ask less than one?

Nay, you may err in this;

And all your bounty wrong!

This could be called but half a kiss!

What w' are but *once* to do; we should do *long*.

· *Ben Jonson, P.L.*

I will but mend the last; and tell
Where, How, it would have relished well!
Join lip to lip, and try!
Each 'suck the other's breath!
And whilst our tongues perplexèd lie;
Let who will, think us dead; or wish our death!

VIII. *URGING HER OF A PROMISE.*

CHARIS, one day, in discourse
Had of LOVE, and of his force,
Lightly promised she would tell,
What a man she could love well.
And that promise set on fire
All that heard her, with desire.

With the rest, I long expected
When the work would be effected;
But we find that cold delay,
And excuse spun every day,
As, until she tell her one,
We all fear she loveth none!

' Therefore, CHARIS, you must do 't!,
For I will so urge you to 't,
You shall neither eat, nor sleep,
No! nor forth your window peep
With your emissary eye,
To fetch in, the Forms go by;

Ben Jonson, P.L.

And pronounce, Which band, or lace,
Better fits him, than his face. *

'Nay, I will not let you sit
'Fore your idol Glass a whit!
To say over every purl

There, or to reform a curl:

Or with Secretary SIS

To consult, If fucus this

Be as good, as was the last?

'All your sweet of life is past,
Make account! unless you can,
And that quickly, speak your Man!'

IX. *HER MAN, DESCRIBED BY HER OWN
DICTAMEN.*

'Of your trouble, BEN! to ease me;
I will tell what Man would please me!

'I would have him, if I could,
Noble, or of greater blood!

Titles, I confess, do take me!

And a woman, GOD did make me!

'French, to boot, at least in fashion;
And his manners of that nation.

'Young I'd have him too, and fair;
Yet a Man! with crispèd Hair
(Cast in a thousand snares and rings,
For LOVE's fingers and his wings)

Ben Jonson, P.L.

Chestnut colour ; or, more slack,
Gold upon a ground of black.

‘VENUS’ and MINERVA’s Eyes ;
For he must look wanton-wise !

‘Eyebrows bent like CUPID’s bow !
Front, an ample field of snow !
Even Nose, and Cheek withal
Smooth as is the billiard ball !
Chin as woolly as the peach ;
And his Lip should kissing teach !
Till he cherished too much beard,
And made LOVE, or me, afear’d.

‘He would have a Hand as soft
As the down ; and shew it oft !
Skin as smooth as any rush ;
And so thin, to see a blush
Rising through it, ere it came.
All his blood should be aflame !
Quickly fired, as in beginners
In LOVE’s School ; and yet no sinners.

‘Twere too long to speak of all !
What we, harmony do call,
In a body, should be there !
Well he should his clothes, too, wear ;
Yet no tailor help to make him !
Dressed, you still for Man should take him !
And not think h’ had eat a stake ;
Or were set up in a brake !

‘Valiant, he should be as fire !
Shewing danger more than ire.

Ben Jonson,

Bounteous, as the clouds to earth !
And as honest as his birth !
‘ All his actions to be such,
As to do nothing too much !
Nor o'erpraise ; nor yet condemn !
Nor outvalue ; nor condemn !
Nor do wrongs ; nor wrongs receive !
Nor tie knots ; nor knots unweave !
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love Truth and me !

‘ Such a Man, with every part,
I could give my very heart !
But, of one if short he came ;
I can rest me where I am !’

Jonson and Basse.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

THIS figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle SHAKESPEARE cut!
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to outdo the life.

O, could he but have drawn his Wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His Face! the Print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.

But since he cannot; Reader, look
Not on his Picture; but his Book!

WILLIAM BASSE.

*ON THE DEATH OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,*

WHO DIED IN APRIL, ANNO DOMINI 1616.

RENOWNÈD SPENSER, lie a thought more nigh
To learnèd CHAUCER! and, rare BEAUMONT, lie
A little nearer SPENSER! to make room
For SHAKESPEARE in your threefold, fourfold, tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed, make a shift
Until Doomsday! for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that, by Fates be slain:
For whom your curtains may be drawn again!

If your precedency in death do bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre;

Basse and Jonson.

Under this sacred marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare Tragedian! SHAKESPEARE! sleep alone
Thy unmolested peace, in an unshared cave!
Possess as Lord, not tenant, of thy grave!
That unto us and others, it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

BEN JONSON.

*TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED, THE AUTHOR,
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE;
AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.*

To draw no envy, SHAKESPEARE! on thy Name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book and fame;
While I confess thy Writings to be such
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much!
'Tis true! and all men's suffrage! But these ways
Were not the paths, I meant unto thy praise!

For silliest Ignorance on these may light;
Which, when it sounds at best, 's but Echo's right!
Or blind Affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth; but gropes, and urgeth all by chance!
Or 'crafty Malice might pretend this praise;
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise!
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a Matron! What could hurt her more?

But thou art proof against them: and, indeed,
Above th' ill fortune of them; or the need!

Ben Jonson, P.L.

I therefore will begin. Soul of the Age!
The applause, delight, and wonder, of our Stage!
My SHAKESPEARE, rise! I will not lodge thee by
CHAUCER, or SPENSER; or bid BEAUMONT lie
A little further, to make thee a room!
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb!
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live;
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great, but disproportioned, Muses:
For, if I thought my judgement were of years,
I should commit thee, surely, with thy peers!
And tell, how far thou didst our LYLIE outshine;
Or sporting KYD, or MARLOW's mighty line.

And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek;
From thence, to honour thee, I would not seek
For names: but call forth thund'ring ÆSCHYLUS,
EURIPIDES, and SOPHOCLES to us!
PACUVIUS, ACCIUS, him of Cordova dead,
To life again! to hear thy Buskin tread
And shake a Stage! Or when thy Sock was on,
Leave thee alone! for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth; or since did, from their ashes come.

Triumph, my Britain! Thou hast one to show,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.

Ben Jonson, 1

He was not of an Age; but for all Time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like APOLLO, he came forth to warm
Our ears; or, like a MERCURY, to charm.

Nature herself was proud of his designs;
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit;
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit!
The merry Greek, tart ARISTOPHANES,
Neat TERENCE, witty PLAUTUS, now not please!
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.

Yet must I not give Nature all! Thy Art,
My gentle SHAKESPEARE! must enjoy a part!
For though the Poet's matter, Nature be;
His Art doth give the fashion! And that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are!), and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil! turn the same,
(And himself with it!) that he thinks to frame!
Or for the laurel; he may gain a scorn!

For a good Poet's made, as well as born;
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so, the race
Of SHAKESPEARE'S mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turnèd and true-fillèd lines!
In each of which, he seems to Shake a Lance!
As brandished at the eyes of Ignorance.

Ben Jonson, P.L.

Sweet Swan of Avon! What a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take ELIZA, and our JAMES!

But, stay! I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced; and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets! and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping Stage!
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like
 night
And despairs day, but for thy Volume's light.

A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I LOVE, and He loves me again;
 Yet dare I not tell, Who!
For if the Nymphs should know my Swain;
 I fear they'd love him too!
 Yet if it be not known;
The pleasure is as good as none!
For that 's a narrow joy, is but our own!

I'll tell! that, if they be not glad,
 They may yet envy me!
But then, if I grow jealous mad,
 And of them pitied be;
 It were a plague 'bove scorn!
And yet it cannot be forborne,
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn!

Ben Jonson, P.L.

He is (if they can find him!) fair!
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purged air!
And looks as lilies do
That are, this morning, blown!
Yet, yet, I doubt, He is not known;
And fear much more, that more of him be shown!

But He hath Eyes so round and bright,
As make away my doubt!
Where LOVE may all his torches light;
Though hate had put them out!
But then, t' increase my fears,
What Nymph soe'er, his Voice but hears,
Will be my rival! though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more! and yet I love,
And He loves me! Yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know!
But so exempt from blame;
As it would be, to each a fame!
If love, or fear, would let me tell his name.

THOUGH I am young, and cannot tell
Either what DEATH, or LOVE, is well:
Yet I have heard, They both bear darts;
And both do aim at human hearts!

Fonson and Anonymous.

And then again, I have been told,
LOVE wounds with heat ; as DEATH, with cold !
So that I fear, they do but bring
Extremes to touch ; and mean one thing.

As in a ruin, we it call
One thing, to be blown up, or fall ;
Or to our end, like way may have,
By a flash of lightning, or a wave :
So LOVE's inflamèd shaft, or brand,
May kill as soon as DEATH's cold hand !
Except LOVE's fires, the virtue have,
To fright the frost out of the grave.

ANONYMOUS.

*ON THE DEATH OF
MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.*

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse,
Lies the subject of all Verse,
SIDNEY's sister ! PEMBROKE's mother !

DEATH ! ere thou hast killed another,
Fair, and learned, and good, as she ;
TIME shall throw a dart at thee !

Marble piles, let no Man raise
To her name, for after-days !

Some kind Woman, born as she,
Reading this, as NIOBE,
Shall turn to marble ; and become
Both thy mourner, and thy tomb !

Ben Jonson, P.L.

The Humble Petition of poor BEN
to the best of Monarchs, Masters, Men,
King CHARLES. ,

— Doth most humbly show it
To your Majesty, your Poet :

That whereas your royal father,
JAMES the blessèd, pleased, the rather
Of his special grace to Letters,
To make all the Muses debtors
To his bounty, by extension
Of a free poetic Pension,
A large hundred Marks annuity,
To be given me in gratuity
For done service, and to come.

And that this so accepted sum,
Or dispensed in books, or bread
(For with both, the Muse was fed!) ;
Hath drawn on me, from the Times,
All the envy of the Rhymes
And the rattling pit-pat noise
Of the less poetic boys,
, When their pop-guns aim to hit,
With their pellets of small wit,
Parts of me, they judged decayed :
But we last out, still unlaïd !

Please your Majesty to make,
Of your grace, for goodness sake,

Ben Jonson, P.L.

Those your father's Marks, your Poonds!
Let their spite, which now abounds,
Then go on, and do its worst!
This would all their envy burst;
And so warm the Poet's tongue,
You'd read a snake, in his next Song!

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. HEAR me, O GOD!
A broken heart
Is my best part!
Use still Thy rod;
That I may prove
Therein Thy love! | 4. Who more can crave
Than Thou hast done?
Thou gav'st a Son
To free a slave!
First made of nought;
Withal since bought! |
| 2. If Thou hadst not
Been stern to me;
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and Thee! | 5. Sin, Death, and Hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame!
Yet I rebel;
And slight the same! |
| 3. For sin's so sweet;
As minds ill-bent
Rarely repent
Until they meet
Their punishment! | 6. But I'll come in!
Before my loss
Me further toss;
As sure to win
Under his Cross! |

Anonymous.

AN OLD COURTIER AND A NEW.

WITH an old Song, made by an old ancient pate,
Of an old Worshipful Gentleman, who had a great estate :
Who kept an old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old Porter to relieve the poor at his Gate.

Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's Old Courtier.

With an old Lady, whose anger a good word assuages ;
Who, every quarter, pays her old servants their wages :
Who never knew what belongs to Coachmen, Footmen, and
Pages ; [badges.
But kept twenty thrifty old fellows, with blue coats and
Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's, &c.

With an old Study filled full of learned books ; [looks !
With an old reverend Parson, you may judge him by his
With an old Buttery-hatch worn quite off the old hooks ;
And an old Kitchen, which maintains half a dozen old cooks .
Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's, &c.

With an old Hall hung round about with guns, pikes, and
bows, [shrewd blows ;
With old swords and bucklers, which have borne many
With an old frizado coat to cover his Worship's trunk-hose,
And a cup of old Sherry to comfort his copper nose.
Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's, &c.

With an old fashion, when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours, with bagpipe and drum ;
And good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and a wise man
dumb.

Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's, &c.

Anonymous.

With an old Huntsman, a Falconer, and a kennel of hounds;
Which never hunted, nor hawked, but in his own grounds.
Who, like an old wise man, kept himself within his own bounds;
And, when he died, gave every child a thousand pounds.

Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's, &c.

But to his eldest son, his house and land he assigned;
Charging him, in his Will, to keep the same bountiful mind,
To be good to his servants, and to his neighbours kind:
But, in the ensuing Ditty, you shall hear how he was inclined,

Like a Young Courtier of the King's,
O the King's Young Courtier!

THE SECOND PART.

Like a young Gallant, newly come to his land,
That keeps a brace of creatures at 's own command;
And takes up a thousand pounds upon 's own band,
And lieth drunk in a new tavern, till he can neither go
nor stand.

Like a Young Courtier of the King's, &c.

With a neat Lady, that is fresh and fair, [care:
Who never knew what belonged to good Housekeeping, or
But buys several fans, to play with the wanton air;
And seventeen, or eighteen, dressings of other women's hair.

Like a Young Courtier of the King's, &c.

With a new Hall, built where the old one stood;
Wherein is burn'd neither coal, nor wood:
And a new shuffle-board table, where never meat stood;
Hung round with pictures, which doth the poor little good.

Like a Young Courtier of the King's, &c.

Anonymous.

With a new Study, stuffed full of Pamphlets and Plays ;
With a new Chaplain, that swears faster than he prays ;
With a new Buttery-hatch, that opens once in four or five
days ;
With a new French Cook, to make kickshaws and toys.
Like a Young Courtier of the King's, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is come,
With a journey up to London. 'We must be gone!
And leave nobody at home, but our new Porter JOHN ;
Who relieves the poor, with a thump on the back with
a stone.'
Like a Young Courtier of the King's, &c.

With a Gentleman Usher, whose carriage is complete.
With a Footman, a Coachman, a Page to carry meat.
With a Waiting Gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat ;
Who, when the Master hath dined, gives the servants little meat.
Like a Young Courtier of the King's, &c.

With a new honour, bought with his father's old gold ;
That many of his father's old Manors hath sold.
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
That Good Housekeeping is nowadays grown so cold.
Like a Young Courtier of the King's,
O, the King's Young Courtier!

Sir Walter Raleigh.

EVEN such is Time! which takes in trust
Our Youth, our age, and all we have;
And pays us but with age and dust!

Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!

And from the earth, the grave, and dust;
The LORD shall raise me up, I trust!

Barten Holyday.

TOBACCO 's a Musician ;
And in a Pipe delighteth !
It descends in a Close,
Through the Organ of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth !
This makes me sing, 'So ho ! ho !
So ho ! ho ! boys !'
'Ho ! boys !' sound I loudly !
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed ;
Whereof to boast so proudly !

Tobacco 's a Lawyer !
His pipes do love Long Cases !
When our brains it enters,
Our feet do make Indentures ;
Which we Seal with stamping paces.
This makes me sing, So ho ! ho ! &c.

Tobacco 's a Physician !
Good both for sound and sickly.
'Tis a hot perfume,
That expels cold rheum ;
And makes it flow down quickly.
This makes me sing, So ho ! ho ! &c.

Barten Holvdav.

Tobacco 's a Traveller!

Come from the Indies hither.

It passed sea and land

Ere it came to my hand;

And 'scaped the wind and weather.

This makes me sing, So ho! ho! &c.

Tobacco is a Critic!

That still old paper turneth;

Whose labour and care

Is as smoke in the air,

That ascends from a rag when it burneth!

This makes me sing, So ho! ho! &c.

Tobacco 's an *Ignis fatuus*!

A fat and fiery vapour,

That leads men about

Till the fire be out;

Consuming like a taper!

This makes me sing, So ho! ho! &c.

Tobacco 's a Whiffler!

And cries 'Huff Snuff!' with fury.

His pipe is his Club and Link! •

He 's the Visor that does drink!

Thus armed, I fear not a Jury!

This makes me sing, So ho! ho! &c.

Michael Drayton.

{ *THE SACRIFICE TO APOLLO.*

PRIESTS of APOLLO! Sacred be the room
For this learned meeting! Let no barbarous Groom
(How brave soe'er he be!)

Attempt to enter!

But of the Muses free,

None here may venture!

This for the Delphian Prophets is prepared;
The profane vulgar are from hence debarred!

And since the Feast so happily begins;
Call up those fair Nine, with their violins!

They are begot by JOVE;

Then let us place them,

Where no Clown in may shove,

1 That may disgrace them!

4 But let them near to young APOLLO sit;

So shall his foot-pace overflow with wit!

Where be the Graces? Where be those fair Three?

In any hand, they may not absent be!

• They to the Gods are dear!

And they can humbly

Teach us, ourselves to bear,

And do things comely.

They, and the Muses, rise both from one stem:

They grace the Muses; and the Muses, them!

Michael Drayton.

Bring forth your flagons, filled with sparkling wine
(Whercon swollen BACCHUS crownèd with a vine,
Is graven); and fill out!
It well bestowing
To every man about,
In goblets flowing!
Let not a man drink, but in draughts profound!
To our god, PHŒBUS, let the Health go round!

Let your jests fly at large! yet therewithal
See they be salt! but yet not mixed with gall!
Not tending to disgrace!
But fairly given,
Becoming well the place,
Modest, and even;
That they, with tickling pleasure, may provoke
Laughter in him, on whom the jest is broke!

Or if the deeds of Heroes ye rehearse;
Let them be sung in so well-ordered Verse,
That each word have his weight,
Yet run with pleasure!
Holding one stately height
In so brave measure,
That they may make the stiffest storm seem weak
And damp Jove's thunder, when it loud'st doth speak

Michael Dra,

And if ye list to exercise your vein,
Or in the Sock, or in the Buskined strain;

Let Art and Nature go

One with the other!

Yet so, that Art may show

Nature her mother!

The thick-brained audience lively to awake;

Till, with shrill claps, the Theatre do shake!

Sing Hymns to BACCHUS then, with hands upreared!

Offer to JOVE; who most is to be feared!

From him, the Muse we have!

From him proceedeth

More than we dare to crave!

'Tis he that feedeth

[lyre

Them; whom the World would starve! Then let the

Sound; whilst his altars endless flames expire!

TO HIS COY LOVE.

I PRAY thee, leave! Love me no more!

Call home the heart you gave me!

I, but in vain, that Saint adore;

That can, but will not, save me!

These poor half-kisses kill me quite!

Was ever man thus servèd!

Amidst an ocean of delight,

For pleasure to be starvèd!

Michael Drayton.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure riverets branchèd!
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts;
Yet is my thirst not stanchèd!
O, TANTALUS, thy pains ne'er tell!
By me, thou art prevented!
'Tis nothing! to be plagued in Hell;
But thus, in Heaven tormented!

Clip me no more in those dear arms;
Nor thy 'life's comfort!' call me!
O, these are but too powerful charms;
And do but more inthral me!
But see, how patient I am grown;
In all this coil about thee!
Come, nice thing! let thy heart alone!
I can not live without thee!

THE HEART.

If thus, we needs must go;
What shall our one Heart do?
This One made of our Two!

Madam, two Hearts we brake!
And from them both did take
The best, one Heart to make!

Half this, is of your Heart!
Mine is the other part,
Joined by an equal Art!

Michael Drayton.

Were it cemented, or sewn ;
By shreds, or pieces, known ;
We each might find our own

But 'tis dissolved and fixed ;
And with such cunning mixed,
No difference that betwixt !

But how shall we agree,
By whom it kept shall be ;
Whether by you, or me ?

It cannot two breasts fill !
One must be heart-less still,
Until the other will !

It came to me to-day,
When I willed it to say,
With whether would it stay ?

It told me, In your breast !
Where it might hope to rest ;
For if it were my guest,

For certainty, it knew,
That I would still anew
Be sending it to you !

Michael Drayton.

Never, I think, had two
Such work, so much to do ;
A Unity to woo !

Yours was so cold and chaste ;
Whilst mine with zeal did waste !
Like fire with water placed.

How did my Heart intreat !
How pant ! How did it beat !
Till it could give yours heat.

Till to that temper brought,
Through our perfection wrought,
That, blessing either's thought,

In such a height it lies
From this base World's dull eyes ;
That Heaven it not envies !

All that this Earth can show,
Our Heart shall not once know !
For it 's too vile and low !

THE CRIER.

Good folk ! for gold, or hire,
But help me to a Crier !
For my poor Heart is run astray
After two Eyes, that passed this way.

Michael Dr.

- O, Yes! O, Yes! O, Yes!
If there be any man,
In town, or country, can
Bring my Heart again;
I'll please him for his pain!

And by these marks, I will you show
That only I this Heart do owe [own].

It is a wounded Heart;

Wherein yet sticks the dart!

Every piece sore hurt, throughout it!

Faith and Troth writ round about it!

It was a tame Heart, and a dear;

And never used to roam:

But having got this haunt; I fear

'Twill hardly stay at home!

For God's sake! walking by the way,

If you my Heart do see;

Either impound it for a stray,

Or send it back to me!

TO HIS RIVAL.

HER loved I most!

By thee that 's lost;

Though She were won with leisure.

She was my gain!

But, to my pain,

Thou spoil'st me of my treasure!

Michael Drayton.

The ship, full fraught
With gold, far sought,
Though ne'er so wisely helmèd,
May suffer wrack—
In sailing back ;
By tempest overwhelmèd.

But She, good Sir !
Did not prefer
You, for that I was ranging ;
But for that She
Found faith in me ;
And She loved to be changing !

Therefore, boast not
Your happy lot !
Be silent, now you have her !
The time I knew,
She slighted you ;
When I was in her favour.

None stands so fast ;
But may be cast
By Fortune, and disgracèd.
Once did I wear
Her garter there ;
Where you, her glove have placèd !

Michael Drayton.

I had the vow,
That thou hast now!
And glances to discover
Her love to me;
And She to thee,
Reads but old lessons over!

She hath no smile
That can beguile;
But, as my thought, I know it!
Yea, to a hair,
Both when, and where,
And how, She will bestow it!

What now is thine,
Was only mine;
And first to me was given:
Thou laugh'st at me!
I laugh at thee!
And thus we two are even.

But I'll not mourn;
But stay my turn!
The wind may come about, Sir!
And once again,
May bring me in;
And help to bear you out, Sir!

Michael Drayton.

*TO MY MOST DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND,
HENRY REYNOLDS, ESQUIRE,
OF POETS AND POESY.*

My dearly lovèd friend! how oft have we,
In winter evenings, meaning to be free,
To some well-chosen place used to retire;
And there, with moderate meat, and wine, and fire,
Have passed the hours contentedly with chat!
Now talked of this, and then discoursed of that;
Spoke our own verses, 'twixt ourselves; if not,
Other men's lines, which we by chance had got;
Or some Stage pieces, famous long before,
Of which your happy memory had store.

And, I remember, you much pleasèd were,
Of those who livèd long ago to hear;
As well as of those of these latter Times,
Who have enriched our language with their rhymes:
And, in succession, how still up they grew!
Which is the subject that I now pursue.

For, from my cradle, you must know, that I
Was still inclined to noble Poesy!
And when that once *Pueriles* I had read,
And newly had my *CATO* construèd;

Michael Drayton.

In my small self, I greatly marvelled then,
Amongst all other, what strange kind of men
'These Poets were! and, pleased with the name,
To my mild Tutor merrily I came;
For I was then a proper goodly Page,
Much like a pigmy, scarce ten years of age.

Clasping my slender arms about his thigh,
'O, my dear master! cannot you,' quoth I,
'Make me a Poet! Do it, if you can;
And you shall see, I'll quickly be a man!'

Who me thus answered, smiling, 'Boy!' quoth he,
'If you'll not play the wag, but I may see
You ply your learning; I will shortly read
Some Poets to you!' PHILBUS be my speed!
To 't, hard went I! when, shortly, he began,
And first read to me honest *Mantuan*;
Then VIRGIL'S *Eclogues*. Being entered thus;
Methought, I straight had mounted PEGASUS!
And, in his full career, could make him stop,
And bound, upon Parnassus' bi-clift top.
I scorned your Ballet then; though it were done,
And had for *Finis*, WILLIAM ELDERTON.

But, soft! in sporting with this childish jest,
I from my subject have too long digressed!
Then to the matter, that we took in hand;
JOVE and APOLLO, for the Muses stand!

That noble CHAUCER, in those former times,
The first enriched our English with his rhymes;

Michael Drayton.

And was the first of ours, that ever brake
Into the Muses' treasure; and first spake
In weighty Numbers: delving in the mine
Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine
And coin for current; and as much as then
The English language could express to men,
He made it do! and, by his wondrous skill,
Gave us much light from his abundant quill.

And honest GOWER; who, in respect of him,
Had only sipped at Aganippe's brim!
And though in years, this last was him before;
Yet fell he far short of the other's store.

When, after those, four Ages very near;
They with the Muses which conversèd, were
That princely SURREY, early in the time
Of the eighth HENRY: who was then the prime
Of England's noble youth. With him, there came
WYATT; with reverence whom we still do name
Amongst our Poets. BRYAN had a share
With the two former: which accounted are
That Time's best Makers; and the Authors were
Of those small Poems, which the title bear
Of *Songs and Sonnets*, wherein oft they hit
On many dainty passages of wit. •

GASCOIGNE and CHURCHYARD, after them again,
In the beginning of ELIZA's reign,
Accounted were great Meterers, many a day:
But (not inspired with brave fire) had they

Michael Dray.

lived but a little longer, they had seen
their Works, before them to have buried been!

Grave moral SPENSER, after these came on:

Than whom, I am persuaded, there was none,
Since the blind Bard, his *Iliads* up did make,
Fitter a task like that, to undertake,
To set down boldly! bravely to invent!
In all high knowledge, surely, excellent!

The noble SIDNEY, with this last arose;
That Hero for Numbers, and for Prose!
That throughly paced our language, as to show
That plenteous English hand in hand might go
With Greek and Latin! And did first reduce
Our tongue from LULY's writing, then in use,
Talking of stones, stars, plants; of fishes, flies;
Playing with words, and idle similes:
As th' English, apes and very zanies be
Of everything that they do hear and see!
'So, imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They spake and writ all like mere lunatics.

Then, WARNER. Though his lines were not so
Nor yet his Poem so exactly limned [trimmed
And neatly joined, but the critic may
Easily remove him; yet thus let me say
For my old friend. Some passages there be
In him; which I protest have taken me
With almost wonder! so fine, clear, and new;
As yet they have been equallèd by few!
Neat MARLOW, bathed in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things

Michael Drayton.

That the first Poets had! His raptures were
All air and fire! which made his verses clear.
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a Poet's brain.

And, surely, NASH, though he a Proser were,
A branch of laurel yet deserves to bear!
Sharply satiric was he; and that way
He went, since that his being to this day,
Few have attempted! and I surely think,
Those words shall hardly be set down with ink,
Shall scorch and blast, so as his could; where he
Would inflict vengeance. And be it said of thee,
SHAKESPEARE! thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,
Fitting the Sock! and, in thy natural brain,
As strong conception, and as clear a rage,
As any one that trafficked with the Stage!

Amongst these, SAMUEL DANIEL: whom if I
May speak of; but to censure do deny.
Only have heard some wise men him rehearse
To be too much Historian in Verse!
His rhymes were smooth, his metres did well close
But yet his manner better fitted Prose.

Next these, learn'd JONSON, in this list I bring:
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring,
Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer; .
And long was Lord here of the Theatre.
Who, in opinion, made our learn'st to stick,
Whether in Poems rightly Dramatic,
Strong SENECA, or PLAUTUS, he, or they,
Should bear the Buskin, or the Sock, away?

Michael Drayton.

Others again here livèd in my days,
That have of us deservèd no less praise
For their Translations, than the daintiest Wit
That, on Parnassus thinks he high'st doth sit;
And for a chair may, 'mongst the Muses, call,
As the most curious Maker of them all:

As reverend CHAPMAN. Who hath brought to us,
MUSÆUS, HOMER, and HESIODUS
Out of the Greek; and, by his skill, hath reared
Them to that height, and to our tongue endeared;
That were those Poets at this day alive,
To see their books thus with us to survive;
They would think (having neglected them so long)
They had been written in the English tongue!

And SYLVESTER: who, from the French more weak,
Made BARTAS of his *Six Days' Labour* speak
In natural English. Who, had he there stayed;
He had done well! and never had bewrayed
His own invention to have been so poor:
Who wrote still less, in striving to write more!

Then dainty SANDYS, that hath to English done,
Smooth-sliding OVID; and hath made him run
With so much sweetness and unusual grace:
As though the neatness of the English pace
Should tell the jetting Latin, that it came
But slowly after, as though stiff and lame.

So Scotland sent us hither, for our own,
That man, whose name I ever would have known

Michael Drayton.

To stand by mine, that most ingenious Knight,
My ALEXANDER! to whom, in his right,
I want extremely! Yet, in speaking thus,
I do but shew the love that was 'twixt us:
And not his Numbers, which were brave and high;
So, like his mind, was his clear Poesy.

And my dear DRUMMOND, to whom much I owe
For his much love; and proud was I to know
His Poesy. For which two worthy men,
I, Menstry still shall love; and Hawthornden!

Then, the two BEAUMONTS, and my BROWNE arose!
My dear companions! whom I freely chose
My bosom friends: and, in their several ways,
Rightly-born Poets. And, in these last days,
Men of much note, and no less nobler parts:
Such as have freely told to me their hearts;
As I have, mine to them. But if you shall
Say, In your knowledge, that these be not all
Have writ in Numbers; be informed, That I
Only, myself to these few men do tie;
Whose Works, oft printed, set on every post,
To public censure subject have been most.

For such, whose Poems, be they ne'er so rare!
In private chambers that incloistered are,
And by transcription daintily must go;
As though the World unworthy were to know

Michael Drayton.

Their rich composures ! Let those men that keep
These wondrous relics, in their judgement deep,
And cry them up so ; let such pieces be
Spoke of, by those that shall come after me !

I pass not for them ! nor do mean to run
In quest of these, that them applause have won
Upon our Stages, in these latter days,
That are so many ! Let them have their bays,
That do deserve it ! Let those Wits that haunt
Those public Circuits, let them freely chant
Their fine composures, and their praise pursue !

And so, my dear friend, for this time, Adieu !

Anonymous.

*THE MAD MERRY PRANKS OF
ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.*

FROM OBERON, in Fairy Land,
The King of ghosts and shadows there ;
Mad ROBIN I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee !
And merry be,
And make good sport, with 'Ho! ho! ho!'

More swift than lightning can I fly,
And round about this airy welkin soon ;
And, in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that 's done below the moon.
There 's not a hag,
Or ghost, shall wag ;
Nor cry, 'Goblin!', where I do go :
But ROBIN I,
Their feats will spy ;
And fear them home, with 'Ho! ho! ho!'

If any wanderers I meet,
That from their night-sports do trudge home ;
With counterfeiting voice, I greet,
And cause them on with me to roam!

Anonymous.

• Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes,
O'er bush and briar, with them • I go!
I call upon
Them to come on;
And wend me, laughing 'Ho! ho! ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man;
Sometimes, an ox; sometimes, a hoand
And to a horse, I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round;
But if, to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind, away I go!
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whirry, laughing 'Ho! ho! ho!'

When Lads and Lasses merry be,
With pössets and with junkets fine;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cates, and sip their wine!
• And to make sport;
I start and snort,
And out the candles I do blow!
The maids I kiss,
They shriek, 'Who 's this?'
I answer nought but 'Ho! ho! ho!'

Anonymous.

Yet, now and then, the maids to please,
I card, at midnight, up their wool!
And while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel, to threads their flax I pull!
I grind at mill
Their malt up still!
I dress their hemp! I spin their tow!
If any wake,
And would me take;
I wend me, laughing 'Ho! ho! ho!'

THE SECOND PART.

When house, or hearth, doth sluttish lie;
I pinch the maids there, black and blue!
The bed-clothes from the bed I pull,
And leave them their mischance to rue!
Twixt sleep and wake,
I do them take;
And on the key-cold floor them throw!
If out they cry;
Then forth fly I,
And loudly laugh I, 'Ho! ho! ho!'

When any need to borrow aught;
We lend them what they do require!
And for the use, demand we naught:
Our own is all we do desire!

Anonymous.

• If to repay,
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go!
And, night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreams, and 'Ho! ho! ho!'

When lazy queans have naught to do
But study how to cog and lie;
To make debate and mischief too
'Twixt one another secretly:
I mark their gloze;
And do disclose
To them, that they had wrongèd so.
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them, scolding, 'Ho! ho! ho!'

When men do traps and engines set
In loopholes, where the vermin creep;
That, from their folds and houses, fet
Their ducks and geese, their lambs and sheep;
• I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so;
But when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out, laughing 'Ho! ho! ho!'

Anonymous.

By wells and gills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our heyday guise;
And to our Fairy King and Queen,
We chant our moonlight harmonies!
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling!
And babes new-born steal as we go!
And elf in bed,
We leave instead;
And wend us, laughing 'Ho! ho! ho!'

From hag-bred MERLIN's time, have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
And for my Pranks, men call me by
The name of ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
That haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins, do me know!
And beldames old,
My feats have told.
So *Vale! Vale!*, Ho! ho! ho!

LILLA'S PRAYER.

LOVE! if thou wilt, once more
That I to thee return;
Sweet God! make me not burn
For quivering Age, that doth spent days deplore!
Nor do not wound my heart
For some unconstant Boy,
Who joys to love; yet makes of Love a toy!
But, ah! if I must prove thy golden dart;
Of grace, O, let me find
A sweet young Lover, with an agèd mind!
Thus LILLA prayed; and IDAS did reply
(Who heard), 'Dear! have thy wish! For such am I!'

THIS World a hunting is!
The prey, poor Man! The NIMROD fierce is Death!
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss;
With all those Ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now if, by chance, we fly
Of these, the eager chase;
Old Age, with stealing pace,
Casts up his nets; and, there, we, panting, die!

William Drummond.

THE QUALITY OF A KISS.

THE kiss, with so much strife,
Which late I got, sweet Heart!
Was it a sign of Death? or was it, Life?
Of Life, it could not be;
For I, by it, did sigh my soul in thee!
Nor was it Death! Death doth no joy impart!
Thou silent stand'st! Ah! what thou didst bequeath
To me, a dying Life was; living Death!

Love, which is, here, a Care
That Wit and Will doth mar,
Uncertain Truce, and a most certain War;
A shrill tempestuous Wind
Which doth disturb the mind;
And, like wild waves, our designs all commove:
Among those Powers above,
Which see their Maker's face,
It a Contentment is, a quiet Peace,
A Pleasure void of grief, a constant Rest,
Eternal Joy which nothing can molest!

John Fletcher.

Now the lusty Spring is seen ;
 Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
 Daintily invite the view.
Everywhere, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
 And inticing men to pull!
Lilies whiter than the snow!
 Woodbines, of sweet honey full!
 All Love's emblems! and all cry,
 'Ladies, if not plucked, we die!'

Yet the lusty Spring hath stayed!
 Blushing red and purest white,
 Daintily to Love invite
Every Woman, every Maid!
Cherries kissing, as they grow;
 And inviting men to taste!
Apples even ripe below,
 Winding gently to the waist!
 All Love's emblems! and all cry,
 'Ladies, if not plucked, we die!'

HEAR, ye Ladies that despise
 What the mighty LOVE has done!
Fear examples; and be wise!
 Fair CALLISTO was a nun!

John Fletcher.

LEDA, sailing on the stream,
(*To deceive the hopes of Man;*
Love accounting but a dream!)
Doted on a silver swan!
DANAË, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a Shower!

Hear, ye Ladies that are coy,
What the mighty LOVE can do!
Fear the fierceness of the Boy!
The chaste Moon, he makes to woo!
VESTA, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting, at the altar dies!
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build; and, once more, fire!

SILVIO, go on! and raise thy noble mind
To nobler ends! Fling coarse base thoughts behind!
SILVIO, thou Son of everliving Fame,
Now aim at virtue, and a noble name!
SILVIO, consider, Honour is not won,
Nor Virtue reached, till some brave thing be done!
Thy country calls thee now! she burns, and bleeds!
Now raise thyself, Young Man, to noble deeds!
Into the battle, SILVIO! There, seek forth
Danger and blood! By them stands sacred Worth!

John Fletcher.

GOD LYÆUS, ever young! .
Ever honoured! ever sung!
Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim!
In the crimson liquor swim!
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a river run with wine!
God of Youth! let, this day, here
Enter neither care; nor fear!

A DRINKING SONG.

DRINK, to-day; and drown all sorrow!
You shall, perhaps, not do it to-morrow!
Best, while you have it, use your breath!
There is no drinking after death!

Wine works the heart up! wakes the wit!
There is no cure 'gainst Age but it!
It helps the headache, cough, and tistic!
And is, for all diseases, physic!

.

Then let us swill, boys! for our health!
Who drinks well, loves the common wealth!
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October!

John Fletcher.

Go, happy heart! for thou shalt lie
Intombed in her; for whom I die!
Example of her cruelty!

Tell her, (if She chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her pride),
That it was for her, I died!

If a tear escape her eye;
'Tis not for my memory,
But thy rights of obsequy!

The Altar was my loving breast!
My heart, the sacrificèd Beast!
And I was myself the Priest!

Your body was the sacred Shrine!
Your cruel mind, the Power divine,
Pleased with the hearts of men; not kine!

CAST our caps and cares away! This is Beggars' Holiday!
At the crowning of our King, thus we ever dance and sing!
In the world, look out and see, Where so happy a Prince as he?
Where the nation live so free, and so merry, as do we?
Be it Peace, or be it War; here at liberty we are;
And enjoy our ease and rest! To the Field, we are not pressed!
Nor are called into the Town, to be troubled with the Gown!
'Hang all Offices!' we say, 'and the Magistrates too, by!'
When the Subsidy's increased; we are not a penny cessed!
Nor will any go to law with the Beggar, for a straw!
All which happiness he brags, he doth owe unto his rags!

John Fletcher.

THOU, deity, swift-wingèd LOVE!
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape; but great in power!
Thou, that makest a heart thy tower;
And thy loopholes Ladies' eyes;
From whence, thou strik'st the fond and wise!
Did all the shafts in thy fair quiver
Stick fast in my ambitious liver;
Yet thy power would I adore!
And call upon thee, to shoot more!
Shoot more! Shoot more!

ARM! Arm! Arm! Arm! The scouts are all come in!
Keep your ranks close; and now your honours win!
Behold, from yonder hill the foe appears!
Bows, bills, glaives, arrows, shields, and spears!
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring!
O, view the Wings of Horse, the meadows scouring!
The Vanguard marches bravely! Hark, the drums!
Dub! dub! dub! dub! dub! dub!
They meet! They meet! Now the Battle comes!
See how the arrows fly,
That darken all the sky!
Hark, how the trumpets sound!
Tara! tara! tara!
Hark, how the hills rebound!
Hark, how the horses charge! In, boys! In, boys, in!
Tara! tara! tara!

John Fletcher.

The Battle totters! Now the wounds begin!

O, how they cry!

O, how they die!

Room for the valiant MEMNON, armed with thunder!

See, how he breaks the ranks asunder!

They fly! They fly! EUMENES has the chase!

And brave POLYBIUS makes good his place!

To the plains, to the woods,

To the rocks, to the floods,

They fly for succour! Follow! Follow! Follow!

'Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!'

Hark, how the soldiers hollo!

Brave DIOCLES is dead;

And all his soldiers fled!

The battle 's won, and lost;

That many a life hath cost.

HENCE, all you vain Delights!

As short as are the nights

Wherein you spend your folly!

There 's nought in this life sweet

(If Man were wise to see 't!)

But only Melancholy!

O, sweetest Melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixèd eyes!

A sigh that piercing, mortifies!

A look that 's fastened to the ground!

A tongue chained up, without a sound!

John Fletcher.

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls;
A midnight bell; a parting groan.
These are the sounds we feed upon!
Then, stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley!
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely Melancholy!

[See Doctor STRODL's *Answer* at page 239.]

ADIEU, fond Love! Farewell, you wanton Powers!
I am free again!
Thou dull disease of blood and idle hours!
Bewitching pain!
Fly to the fools, that sigh away their time!
My nobler love, to Heaven climb[s]!

And there beholds Beauty still young;
That Time can ne'er corrupt, nor Death destroy!
Immortal sweetness, by fair Angels sung;
And honoured by Eternity and Joy!
There, lives my love! Thither, my hopes aspire!
Fond Love declines! This Heavenly Love grows
higher!

George Wither.

HENCE, away! You, Sirens! leave me;
And unclasp your wanton arms!
Sugared words shall ne'er deceive me;
Though thou prove a thousand charms!
Fie! Fie! Forbear!
No common snare
Could ever my affection chain!
Your painted baits
And poor deceits
Are all bestowed on me in vain!

I'm no slave to such as you be!
Neither shall a snowy breast,
Wanton eye, or lip of ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest!
Go! Go! Display
Your beauty's ray
To some o'er-soon enamoured Swain!
Those common wiles
Of Sighs and Smiles
Are all bestowed on me in vain!

I have, elsewhere, vowed a duty!
Turn away thy tempting eyes!
Shew not me, a naked beauty!
Those impostures I despise!

George Wither.

My spirit loathes,
Where gaudy clothes
And feignèd oaths, may love obtain!
I love her so,
Whose look swears 'No!';
That all your labours will be vain!

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every breast are worn;
That may pluck the spotless roses,
From their never-touchèd thorn?
I can go rest
On her sweet breast,
That is the pride of CYNTHIA's train!
Then, hold your tongues!
Your Mermaid Songs
Are all bestowed on me in vain!

He 's a fool, that basely dallies
Where each peasant mates with him!
Shall I haunt the throngèd valleys;
Whilst there 're noble hills to climb!
No! No! Though clowns
Are scared with frowns;
I know the best can but disdain!
And those I'll prove!
So shall your love
Be all bestowed on me in vain!

George Wither.

Yet, I would not deign embraces
With the greatest, fairest, She ;
If another shared those graces,
Which had been bestowed on me !
I gave that One
My love ; where none
Shall come to rob me of my gain !
Your fickle hearts
Make tears and arts ;
And all bestowed on me in vain !

I do scorn to vow a duty,
Where each lustful lad may woo !
Give me her ! whose sunlike beauty,
Buzzards dare not soar unto !
She, She, it is
Affords that bliss ;
For which, I would refuse no pain !
But such as you !
Fond fools ! adieu !
You seek to captive me in vain !

Proud She seemed, in the beginning,
And disdained my looking on ;
But that coy one, in the winning,
Proves a true one, being won !

George Wither.

Whate'er betide ;
She'll ne'er divide
The favour, She to me shall 'deign !
But your fond love
Will fickle prove !
And all that trust in you are vain !

Therefore, know, When I enjoy One,
And for love employ my breath ;
She I court, shall be a coy one,
Though I win her with my death !
A favour there,
Few, aim at dare !
And if, perhaps, some Lover 'plain ;
She is not won,
Nor I undone,
By placing of my love in vain !

Leave me, then ! You, Sirens ! leave me !
Seek no more to work my harms !
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me ;
Who am proof against your charms !
You labour may,
To lead astray
The heart, that constant shall remain !
And I, the while,
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain !

George Wither.

AH! me!
Am I the Swain
That, late, from sorrow free,
Did all the cares on earth disdain?
And, still untouched, as at some safer games,
Played with the burning coals of Love; and Beauty's flames?
Was't I, could dive and sound each Passion's secret depth at will;
And, from those huge overwhelms, rise, by help of Reason, still?
And am I now, O, Heavens! for trying this in vain
So sunk, that I shall never rise again?
Then let Despair set Sorrow's string
For strains that dolefull'st be!
And I will sing,
Ah! me!

BUT, why,
O, fatal Time!
Dost thou constrain that I
Should perish, in my youth's sweet prime?
I, but a while ago, you cruel Powers!
In spite of Fortune, cropped Contentment's sweetest flowers;
And yet, unscorn'd, serve a gentle Nymph, the fairest She,
That ever was beloved of Man: or eyes did ever see!
Yea, one, whose tender heart would rue for my distress;
Yet I, poor I! must perish nay-the-less!
And, which much more augments my care,
Unmoan'd, I must die!
And no man e'er
Know, Why?

George Wither.

THY leave,
My dying Song,
Yet take! ere grief bereave
The breath which I enjoy too long.
Tell thou that Fair One this, My soul prefers
Her love above my life; and that I didd hers!
And let him be, for ever more, to her remembrance dear;
Who loved the very thought of her, whilst he remainèd here.
And, now, farewell, thou place of my unhappy birth;
Where once I breathed the sweetest air on earth!
Since me, my wonted joys forsake,
And all my trust deceive;
Of all, I take
My leave!

— — —

FAREWELL,
Sweet groves, to you!
You hills, that highest dwell;
And all you humble vales, adieu!
You wanton brooks, and solitary rocks,
My dear companions all; and you, my tender flocks!
Farewell, my pipe! and all those pleasing Songs; whose moving strains
Delighted once the fairest Nymphs, that dance upon the plains.
You, Discontents (whose deep, and over-deadly, smart
Has, without pity, broke the truest heart!)
Sighs, Tears, and every sad Annoy,
That erst did with me dwell,
And all others' Joy,
Farewell!

George Wither.

ADIEU,
Fair Shepherdesses!
Let garlands of sad yew
Adorn your dainty golden tresses!
I that loved you; and often, with my quill,
Made music that delighted fountain, grove, and hill:
Whom you loved so; and, with a sweet and chaste embrace,
Ere, with a thousand rarer favours) would vouchsafe to grace;
I, now, must leave you all alone, of Love to 'plain;
And never pipe, nor never sing, again!
I must, for evermore, be gone!
And, therefore, I bid you,
And every one,
Adieu!

I DIE!
For Oh! I feel
Death's horrors drawing nigh;
And all this Frame of Nature reel!
My hopeless heart, despairing of relief,
Lies sinking underneath the heavy weight of saddest grief:
Which hath so ruthless torn, so racked, so tortured, every vein;
When comfort comes too late, to have it ever cured again!
My swimming head begins to dance Death's giddy round!
A shuddering chillness doth each sense confound!
Benumbed is my cold-sweating brow!
A dimness shuts my eye!
And, now! Oh! now,
I die!

I WANDERED out, a while ago,
And went I know not whither;
But there do Beauties, many a one,
Resort and meet together:
And CUPID's power will there be shown,
If ever you come thither!

For like two suns, two Beauties bright,
I, shining saw together:
And tempted by their double light,
My eyes I fixed on Either;
Till Both, at once, so thrall'd my sight,
I loved, and knew not, Whether?

Such equal sweet, VENUS gave,
That I preferred not Either;
And when for love, I thought to crave,
I knew not well of Whether?
For one while, This I wished to have;
And then, I That had liefer!

A Lover of the curious'st eye,
Might have been pleased in Either;
And so, I must confess, might I,
Had they not been together!
Now Both must love, or Both deny;
In one, enjoy I Neither!

George Wither.

But yet, at last, I 'scaped the smart
I feared, at coming hither :
For seeing my divided heart,
I, choosing, knew not Whether ;
Love angry grew, and did depart !
And, now, I care for Neither !

You, gentle Nymphs ! that on these meadows play
And oft relate the Loves of Shepherds young,
Come, sit you down ! For, if you please to stay,
Now may you hear an uncouth Passion sung !
A Lad there is, and I am that poor Groom !
That's fallen in love, and cannot tell with whom !

O, do not smile at sorrow as a jest !
With other's cares, good natures movèd be !
And I should weep, if you had my unrest !
Then, at my grief, how can you merry be ?
Ah ! where is tender pity now become ?
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom !

I, that have oft the rarest features view'd,
And Beauty in her best perfection seen ;
I, that have laugh'd at them that Love pursued,
And ever free from such affections been ;
Lo, now at last, so cruel is my doom !
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom !

George Wither

heart is full-nigh bursting with
Yet cannot find from whence these longings flow.
breast doth burn: but She that lights the fire,
never saw; nor can I come to know!
So great a bliss my fortune keeps me from,
That, though I dearly love, I know not whom!

I had twice four Springs renewèd seen,
The force of Beauty I began to prove;
And ere I nine years old had fully been,
It taught me how to frame a Song of Love:
And, little thought I! this day should have come,
Before that I to love, had found out whom!

For on my chin, the mossy down you see!
And, in my veins, well-heated blood doth glow!
Of summers I have seen twice three times three
And fast my youthful time away doth go!
That much I fear, I aged shall become,
And still complain, *I love, I know not whom!*

O, why had I a heart bestowed on me,
To cherish dear affections, so inclined;
Since I am so unhappy born to be,
No object for so true a love to find?
When I am dead, it will be missed of some;
Yet, now I live, *I love, I know not whom!*

George Wither.

I, to a thousand beauteous Nymphs am[•] known!
A hundred Ladies' favours do I wear!
I, with as many, half in love am grown;
Yet none of them, I find, can be my Dear!
Methinks, I have a Mistress yet to come!
Which makes me sing, *I love, I know not whom!*

There lives no Swain doth stronger Passion prove
For her, whom most he covets to possess;
Than doth my heart that, being full of love,
Knows not to whom it may the same profess.
For he that is despised, hath sorrow some;
But he hath more, *that loves, and knows not
whom!*

Knew I my Love, as many others do,
To some one object might my thoughts be bent!
So they, divided, should not wandering go,
Until the soul's united force be spent!
As his, that seeks, and never finds a home.
Such is my rest, *that love, and know not whom!*

Those, whom the frowns of jealous friends divide,
May live to meet, and descant on their woe;
And he hath gained a Lady for his Bride;
That durst not woo a Maid, a while ago.
But O, what end unto my hopes can come?
That am in love, and cannot tell with whom!

George Wither.

Poor COLLIN grieves, that he was, late, disdain'd ;
And CHLORIS doth, for WILLY'S absence pine !
Sad THIRSIS weeps, for his sick PHOEBE pained ;
But all their sorrows cannot equal mine !
A greater care, alas, on me is come ;
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom !

NARCISSUS-like, did I affect my shade ;
Some Shadow yet, I had to dote upon !
Or did I love some Image of the dead ;
Whose Substance had not breathèd long ago ;
I might despair ! and so an end would come,
But, O, I love ! and cannot tell you whom !

Once, in a dream, methought, my Love I view'd ;
But never, waking, could her face behold !
And, doubtless, that resemblance was but shew'd,
That more my tirèd heart, torment it should !
For, since that time, more griev'd I am become,
And more in love, *I cannot tell with whom !*

When, on my bed, at night to rest I lie ;
My watchful eyes, with tears bedew my cheek !
And then, 'O, would it once were day !' I cry ;
Yet when it comes, I am as far to seek !
For who can tell, though all the earth he roam,
Or when, or where, to find he knows not whom !

George Wither.

O, if She be among the beauteous trains
Of all you Nymphs, that haunt the silver rills;
Or if you know her, Ladies of the plains;
Or you, that have your bowers on the hills!
Tell, if you can, who will my Love become:
Or I shall die; and never know for whom!

THE WIFE'S INVOCATION.

No joy, or grief, can, in this life,
More sweet, or bitter, be;
Than when the Husband and the Wife
Shall well, or ill, agree.

Where they shall rightly sympathize,
The dearest friendship grows!
But if, betwixt them, strifes arise;
They prove the greatest foes!

LORD! rectify our hearts therefore,
And sanctify them so;
That, to each other, more and more,
Endearèd we may grow!

Until our frail imperfect love,
By steps, upraisèd be
From things below, to things above;
And perfected in Thee!

George Wither.

Betwixt us, let no jars be found;
Or breach of faith be feared!
Within our walks, let not the sound
Of bitter words be heard! . . .

Preserve me from those peevish tricks,
Which merit scorn, or hate!
From all those humours of my sex,
Which wise men's love abate! . . .

Let this in mind be always had,
My husband to prefer,
The Woman, for the Man was made;
And not the Man for her! . . .

And that my heart may not despise
His pleasure to fulfil;
Let his commands be just and wise,
Discreet, and loving still! . . .

John Hagthorpe.

TIME! I ever must complain
Of thy craft and cruel cunning!
Seeming fixed here to remain:
When thy feet are ever running;
And thy plumes
Still resumes
Courses new, repose most shunning!

Like calm winds, thou passest by us!
Lined with feathers are thy feet!
Thy downy wings, with silence fly us,
Like the shadows of the night;
Or the stream
That no beam
Of sharpest eye discerns to fleet!

Therefore, mortals, all deluded
By thy grave and wrinkled face,
In their judgements have concluded,
That thy slow and snail-like pace
Still doth bend
To no end,
But to an eternal race!

John Hagthorpe.

Budding Youth's vain blooming wit
Thinks the Spring shall ever last!
And the gaudy flowers, that sit •
On FLORA's brow, shall never taste
Winter's scorn;
Nor, forlorn,
Bend their heads, with chilling blast!

Riper Age expects to have
Harvests of his proper toil;
Times to give, and to receive,
Seeds and fruits, from fertile soil:
But, at length,
Doth his strength
Youth and Beauty all recoil.

Cold December, hope retains,
That the Spring, each thing reviving,
Shall throughout his agèd veins
Pour fresh youth; past joys repriving!
But thy scythe
Ends his strife;
. And to Lethe sends him driving!

Anonymous.

THE WEAVER'S SHUTTLE;

*OR, A LOVE SONG MADE BY A PRENTICE OF LONDON,
THAT LOVED A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN IN THE
COUNTRY; DOUBTING OF HER CONSTANCY.*

Oh! how I sigh and sob!
Oh! how I languish!
Oh! how my heart doth throb
With grief and anguish!
My Song I cannot tune!
For love, I do consume!
I cannot work in loom!
Hang up my shuttle!

My treadles all stand still;
I cannot use them!
My shuttle and my quill;
I will refuse them!
My batten, and my slay,
And all my leases, play!
Hey-ho! till holiday,
Hang up my shuttle!

Anonymous.

• Yet though they do stand still,
 I must be doing!
And to my Love, in good-will,
 I must a wooing!
I cannot merry be,
But in her company!
Sweet Heart! I come to thee;
 And leave my shuttle!

And when I visit thee,
 And have my wishes;
And entertained be
 With dainty kisses:
Oh! how my heart doth grieve,
So soon my Love to leave!
And go again to weave;
 And use my shuttle!

Yet, shuttle, fly apace,
 Till thou art weary!
For I must weave my lace;
 Sing, and be merry,
Till the next holiday!
Then thou and I will play!
Hey-ho! cast care away!
 Hang up my shuttle!

Anonymous.

If thou unconstant prove ;
I'll not respect thee !
But choose another Love ;
And quite reject thee !
A Weaver, thou shalt know !
Scorns to be servèd so ;
Though my true heart I show,
Using my shuttle.

Gentlemen Weavers all,
That hear my Ditty ;
Pardon my verses small,
Rude, and unwitty !
If they do you offend ;
Next I make, I will mend !
And so my Song doth end.
Reach me my shuttle !

Lady Mary Wroath.

Love, what art thou? A vain thought,
In our minds by Fancy wrought!
Idle Smiles did thee beget;
While fond Wishes made the net,
Which so many fools has caught!

Love, what art thou? Light, and fair,
Fresh as morning, clear as th' air!
But, too soon, thy evening change,
Makes thy worth with coldness range;
Still thy joy is mixed with care!

Love, what art thou? A secret flower,
Once full blown, dead in an hour!
Dust in wind as staid remains
As thy pleasure, or our gains;
If thy humour change to lower.

Love, what art thou? Childish, vain,
Firm as bubbles made by rain.
Wantonness thy greatest pride!
These foul faults thy virtues hide;
But babes can no staidness

Love, what art thou? Causeless curst;
Yet, alas, these not the worst!
Much more of thee may be said;
But thy law I once obeyed,
Therefore say no more at first!

Lady Mary Wroath.

LOVE, a child is, ever crying!
Please him, and he straight is flying!
Give him, he the more is craving;
Never satisfied with having!

His desires have no measure!
Endless folly is his treasure!
What he promiseth, he breaketh;
Trust not one word he speaketh!

He vows nothing but false matter;
And, to cozen you, he'll flatter!
Let him gain the hand, he'll leave you;
And still glory to deceive you!

He will triumph in your wailing;
And yet cause be of your failing!
These his virtues are: and slighter
Are his gifts; his favours, lighter!

Feathers are as firm in staying!
Wolves, no fiercer in their preying!
As a child, then, leave him crying;
Nor seek him, so given to flying!

WHO can blame me, if I love?
Since Love, before the world did move!

Lady Mary Wroath.

When I loved not, I despaired!
Scarce for handsomeness, I cared!
Since, so much I am refined,
As new framed of state and mind.
 Who can blame me, if I love?
- Since Love, before the world did move!

Some, in truth, of LOVE beguiled,
Have him 'blind' and 'childish' styled;
But let none in these persist,
Since, so judging, judgement missed!
 Who can blame me?

LOVE in Chaos did appear!
When nothing was; yet he seemed clear!
Nor when light could be descried,
To his crown a light was tied.
 Who can blame me?

Love is Truth! and doth delight
Where as Honour shines most bright!
Reason's self doth Love approve;
Which makes us, ourselves to love.
 Who can blame me?

Could I, my past time begin;
I would not commit such sin,
To live an hour, and not to love!
Since Love makes us perfect prove.
 Who can blame me?

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling.

O, WOULD to God! a way were found
That, by some secret sympathy unknown,
My Fair, my Fancy's depth might sound;
And know my state as clearly as her own!
Then, blest, most blest, were I!
No doubt, beneath the sky,
I were the happiest wight!
For if my state they knew,
It ruthless rocks would rue;
And mend me, if they might!

But as the babe, before the wand,
Whose faultless part, his parents will not trust;
For very fear, doth trembling stand,
And quakes to speak; although his cause be just:
So, set before her face,
Though bent to plead for grace,
I wot not how, I fail!
Yet minding to say much,
That string I never touch!
But stand dismayed and pale!

The deepest rivers make least din,
The silent soul doth most abound in care;
Then might my breast be read within,
A thousand volumes would be written there!

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling.

Might silence shew my mind,
Sighs tell how I were pined,
Or looks my woes relate;
Then, any pregnant wit,
That well remarkèd it,
Would soon discern my state!

No favour yet, my Fair affords;
But, looking haughty, though with humble eyes,
Doth quite confound my stagg'ring words;
And as not spying that thing, which She spies!
A mirror makes of me;
Where She herself may see,
And what She brings to pass!
I trembling too, for fear,
Move neither eye nor ear;
As if I were her Glass.

Whilst, in this manner, I remain
Like to the statue of some one that 's dead;
Strange tyrants in my bosom reign,
A Field of fancies fights within my head!
Yet, if the tongue were true,
We boldly might pursue
That diamantine heart!
But when that it 's restrained,
As doomed to be disdained;
My sighs shew how I smart!

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling.

No wonder, then, although I wrack!
By them betrayed, in whom I did confide:
 Since tongue, heart, eyes, and all, gave back;
She justly may my childishness deride!
 Yet that which I conceal
 May serve for to reveal
 My fervency in love!
 My Passions are too great
 For words t' express my state,
 As to my pains I prove.

Oft, those that do deserve disdain
For forging fancies, get the best reward!
 Where I, who feel what they do feign,
For too much love, am had in no regard!
 Behold, by proof, we see
 The Gallant, living free,
 His fancies doth extend!
 Where, he that is o'ercome,
 Reined with respects, stands dumb;
 Still fearing to offend!

My bashfulness, when She beholds,
Or rather, my affection out of bounds,
 Although my face, my state unfolds;
And in my hue discovers hidden wounds:
 Yet, jesting at my woe,
 She doubts if it be so;

William Alexander, Ea

As She could not conceive it!
This grieves me most of all!
She triumphs in my fall; •
Not seeming to perceive it!

Then since, in vain, I plaints impart
To scornful ears, in a condemnèd scroll;
And since my tongue betrays my heart,
And cannot tell the anguish of my soul:
Henceforth, I'll hide my losses;
And not recount the crosses
That do my joys o'erthrow!
At least, to senseless things,
Mounts, vales, woods, floods, and springs,
I shall them only show!

Ah! unaffected lines!
True models of my heart!
The World may see that in you shines
The power of Passion, more than Art!

Dean John Donne.

THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long-strayed Eyes to me!
Which, O, too long have dwelt on thee.
Yet since there they have learnt such ill,
 Such forced fashions
 And false Passions,
 That they be
 Made by thee
Fit for no good sight: keep them still!

Send home my harmless Heart again!
Which no unworthy thought could stain.
But if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And break both
 Word and oath;
Keep it! For then, 'tis none of mine!

Yet send me back my Heart and Eyes!
That I may know and see thy lies:
And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish;
 And dost languish
 For some one,
 That will none!
Or prove as false as thou art now!

Dean John Donne.

THE UNDERTAKING.

I HAVE done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did!
And yet a braver, thence doth spring;
Which is, To keep that hid!

It were but madness now t' impart
The skill of specular stone!
When he, which can have learned the art,
To cut it can find none!

So, if I now should utter this;
Others (because no more
Such stuff to work upon there is)
Would love but as before!

But he who Loveliness within
Hath found; all outward, loathes!
For he who colour loves, and skin;
Loves but their oldest clothes!

If, as I have, you also do,
Virtue in Woman see;
And dare love that! and say so too;
And forget the He and She:

Dean John Donne.

And if this love, though placèd so,
From profane men you hide!
Which will no faith on this bestow;
Or, if they do, deride:

Then, you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did;
And a braver, thence will spring;
Which is, To keep that hid!

THE TOKEN.

SEND me some Tokens! that my hope may live;
Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest.
Send me some Honey, to make sweet my hive;
That, in my Passions, I may hope the best!
I beg nor Ribbon wrought with thine own hands,
To knit our loves, in the fantastic strain
Of new-touched Youth; nor Ring, to shew the stand
Of our affection, that as that's round and plain,
So should our loves meet in simplicity;
No! nor the Corals, which thy wrist infold,
Laced up together in congruity,
To shew our thoughts should rest in the same hold;
No! nor thy Picture, though most gracious
And most desired, 'cause 'tis like thee best;
Nor witty Lines, which are most copious
Within the Writings which thou hast address.
Send me, nor this! nor that! t' increase my store;
But swear, 'Thou think'st, I love thee!' and no more.

Dean John Do.

THE FUNERAL.

WHOEVER comes to shroud me; do not harm,
Nor question much,
That subtle wreath of hair which crowns my arm!
The mystery, the sign, you must not touch!
For 'tis my outward Soul!
Viceroy to that which, unto Heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread, my brain lets fall
Through every part,
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all;
The hairs, which upward grew, and strength and Art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't! except She meant that I
By this, should know my pain;
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're
condemned to die.

Whate'er She meant by 't; bury it with me!

For since I am
Love's Martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other hands these relics came!

As 'twas humility
To afford to it, all that a soul can do;
So 'tis some bravery, [you!
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some of

Patrick Hannay.

Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est.

CCLIA jealous, lest I did
In my heart affect another,
Me her company forbid!
Women cannot Passion smother!

The dearer love, the more disdain;
When truth is with distrust requited.
I vowed, in anger, to abstain!
She found her fault; and me invited.

I came, with intent to chide her,
'Cause she had true love abused;
Resolved never to abide her:
Yet her fault she so excused

As it did me more intangle!
Telling, *True Love must have fears!*
They ne'er loved, that ne'er did wrangle!
Lovers jar; but Love indears!

'SERVANT, farewell!' Is this my hire?
Do my deserts no more require?
No! do not think to cheat me so!
I will have more yet, ere you go!

Patrick Hannay.

Thy loved Idea I'll arrest;
And it imprison in my breast!
In sad conceit, it there shall lie!
My jealous love shall keep the key!

The drops my wounded heart shall bleed
Shall be food, whereon it shall feed!
The tears are shed, when I do think
On thee, shall be its only drink!

My restless thoughts shall range about;
My cares shall care it come not out!
And when these fail, their watch to keep;
I'll chain it fast in leaden sleep!

Nor think, it ever shall part hence;
Or that I will with it dispense!
Thy love alone can me avail!
Thyself alone, I'll take for bail!

I, CAN love, and love entirely;
And can prove a constant friend;
But I must be loved as dearly;
And as truly, to the end!
For her love no sooner slaketh;
But my fancy, farewell taketh!

Patrick Hannay.

I can not endure delaying;
I must have her quickly won!
Be She nice, though not denaying;
By her leave, I then have done!
For I am not yet at leisure,
To dwine for a doubtful pleasure!

My eyes shall not still be wailing;
Where I'm answered with neglect!
My hurt is not at her hailing;
Who my pain doth not respect!
He 's a fool that seeks relieving,
From her glories in his grieving!

With Beauty I will not be blinded;
Yet I will none foul affect!
With Wealth I will not be winded;
If in behaviour be defect!
Beauty stainèd, such love dieth!
Wealth decayèd, such love flieth!

Gifts do good; yet he is silly
That therein expendeth store!
If he win not; tell me, Will he
Not be meetly mocked therefore?
It is better to be keeping;
Than to sow, not sure of reaping!

Patrick Hannay.

As I would not words be waring,
Where there 's no assurance had;
So I would not gifts be sparing •
Where I woo, and know shall wed!
Giving so, is no decreasing;
I have hers, in her possessing!

Be She rich, and fair, and gainèd;
If I fickleness do find,
My desires are quickly wanèd!
I can steer with other wind!
For virtue; I have vowed to choose her!
When that fails; I will refuse her!

A MAID me loved. Her love I not respected!
She mourned, She sighed, nay, sued; yet I neglected.
Too late! too late! alas, I now repent!
For CUPID, with her love hath me infected!

As erst he, hers; so love my heart now burneth!
As I, at her; She laughs at me, that mourneth!
Too late! too late! alas, I now repent!
Since her disdainèd love, to hatred turneth.

•
On her alone, doth health and hope rely;
Yet still She scorns, and doth me love deny!
Too late! too late! alas, I now repent!
Since She joys in my death; I, for her, die!

John Webster.

[*THE PREPARATION FOR EXECUTION.*]

HARK! Now everything is still!
The Screech-Owl and the Whistler shrill
Call upon our Dame aloud;
And bid her quickly don her shroud!

Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent!
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here, your perfect peace is signed!

Of what is ^t, fools make such vain keeping?
Sin, their conception; their birth, Weeping;
Their life, a general mist of Error;
Their death, a hideous storm of Terror.

Strew your hair with powders sweet!
Don clean linen! Bathe your feet!
And (the foul Fiend more to check!)
A crucifix let bless your neck!

'Tis now full tide, 'tween night and day;
End your groan; and come away!

Webster and Rowley.

LOVE 's a lovely lad!
His bringing is Beauty! .
Who loves him not, is mad!
For I must pay him duty,
Now, I am sad!

Hail! to those sweet eyes,
That shine celestial wonder!
From thence, do flames arise,
Burn my poor heart asunder!
Now, it fries!

CUPID sets a crown
Upon those lovely tresses!
O, spoil not, with a frown,
What he so sweetly dresses!
I'll sit down!

ART thou gone in haste?
I'll not forsake thee!
Runn'st thou ne'er so fast;
I'll overtake thee!
O'er the dales, o'er the downs,
Through the green meadows,
From the fields, through the towns,
To the dim shadows!

Webster and Rowley.

All along the plain,
To the low fountains ;
Up and down again,
From the high mountains :
ECHO, then, shall again
Tell her, I follow !
And the floods, to the woods,
Carry my Hollo ! Hollo ! Ha ! ho ! hu !

LOVE is a law, a discord, of such force,
That 'twixt our Sense and Reason makes divorce !
Love 's a desire, that to obtain betime,
We lose an age of years plucked from our prime !
Love is a thing, to which we soon consent ;
As soon refuse ; but sooner far repent !

Then what must Women be, that are the cause
That Love hath life ! that Lovers feel such laws !
They're like the winds upon Lapantha's shore ;
That still are changing ! O, then, love no more !
A woman's love is like that Syrian flower ;
That buds, and spreads, and withers, in an hour !

[*HUMAN LIFE.*]

THE World 's a bubble! and the life of Man
Less than a span!
In his conception, wretched; from the womb,
So to the tomb!
Curst, from the cradle; and brought up to years,
With cares and fears!
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water; or but writes in dust!

Yet since, with sorrow here we live opprest;
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial Schools
To dandle Fools!
'The rural parts are turned into a den
Of savage men!
And where 's a City, from all vice so free,
But may be termed, the worst of all the three!

Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans.

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed;
Or pain his head!
Those that live single, take it for a curse;
Or do things worse! [moan;
Some would have children! Those that have them,
Or wish them gone!
What is it then, to have, or have no, wife,
But single thralldom, or a double strife!

Our own affections still, at home to please,
Is a disease!
To cross the sea to any foreign soil,
Perils and toil!
Wars, with their noise affright us! When they cease,
W' are worse in peace!
What then remains? But that we still should cry,
Not to be born; or, being born, to die!

Sir Robert Ayton.

ON A WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOVED thee once; I'll love no more!
Thine be the grief, as is the blame!
Thou art not, what thou wast before!
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love, unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain!
God send me love, my debts to pay;
While unthrifts fool their love away!

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown;
If thou hadst still continued mine!
Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own;
I might, perchance, have yet been thine!
But thou, thy freedom didst recall;
That, if thou might, elsewhere enthrall!
And, then, how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain!

When new desires had conquered thee,
And changed the object of thy will;
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still!
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so;
Since we are taught, No prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Sir Robert Ayton.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice!
Thy choice, of his good fortune boast!
I'll neither 'grieve, nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain, what I have lost!
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him! to blush for thee!
To love thee still; but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door!

THE ANSWER,

BY THE AUTHOR,

AT THE KING'S MAJESTY'S COMMAND.

THOU that loved once, now lov'st no more,
For fear to show more love than brain;
With heresy unhatched before,
Apostasy, thou dost maintain!
Can he have either brain, or love,
That doth inconstancy approve?
A choice well made, no change admits!
All changes argue after-wits!

Say, that She had not been the same;
Should thou therefore another be?
What thou, in her, as vice did blame;
Can it take virtue's name in thee?
No, thou, in this, her captive was;
And made thee ready, by her glass!
Example led Revenge astray; [way!
When True Love should have kept the

Sir Robert Ayton.

True Love has no reflecting end,
The object good sets it at rest;
' And noble breasts will freely lend,
Without expecting interest!
'Tis Merchant's love, 'tis trade for gain;
To barter love for love again!
'Tis usury; yea, worse than this;
For self-idolatry it is!

' Then let her choice be what it will;
Let Constancy be thy Revenge!
If thou retribute good for ill;
Both grief and shame shall check her change!
Thus, mayst thou laugh! when thou shalt see
Remorse reclaim her home to thee;
And where thou begg'st of her before;
She now sits begging at thy door!

WRONG not, sweet Empress of my heart!
The merit of true Passion;
Pretending, That he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion!
Since, if my complaints come not t' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love;
But from excess of duty!

Sir Robert Ayton.

For knowing that I sue to serve
A Saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve,
A place in her affection;
I rather choose to want relief,
Than venture the revealing!
When Glory recommends the grief;
Despair distrusts the healing!

Thus, those desires which aim too high
For any mortal Lover,
When Reason cannot make them die,
Discretion doth them cover!
Yet when Discretion bids them leave
The plaints which they should utter;
Then thy discretion may perceive
That Silence is a suitor!

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty!
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
Doth merit double pity!
Then, wrong not, dear Heart! of my heart,
My true, though secret, Passion!
He merits most, that hides his smart;
And sues for no compassion!

Sir Robert Ayton.

O, THAT my tongue had been as dumb,
As now I find
My eyes were blind,
When they did make my heart become
A votary unto a Saint,
That hath no ears to my complaint!

Had I but made my eyes my tongue;
My very looks
Had served for books;
Wherein She might have read her wrong.
But now my words, as Charms She fears;
And, serpent-like, doth shut her ears!

Yet who would not have cried for aid;
Burnt to the quick!
A senseless stick,
To VULCAN's tyranny betrayed,
Will waste itself, in moist expense;
And keep a noise, as if 't had sense!

Speak then must I; though to no end!
. For LOVE doth say,
'That Silence may
Much more than friendly speech offend!
Love once professed, and then forborne,
Turns deaf neglect to spiteful scorn!'

Sir Robert Ayton.

WHEN thou didst think I did not love;
Then thou didst dote on me!
Now, when thou find'st that I do prove
As kind as kind can be;
Love dies in thee!

What way to fire the mercury
Of thy inconstant mind?
Methinks, it were good policy
For me to turn unkind,
To make thee kind!

Yet will I not good nature strain,
To buy, at so great cost,
That which, before I do obtain,
I make account almost
That it is lost!

And though I might myself excuse,
By imitating thee;
Yet will I no examples use,
That may bewray in me
Lightness to be!

But since I gave thee once my heart;
My constancy shall show
That, though thou play the Woman's part,
And from a friend turn foe;
Men do not so!

Sir Robert Ayton.

WHAT means this niceness, now of late?
Since time doth truth approve.
Such distance may well stand with State;
It cannot stand with Love!

It 's either cunning, or distrust,
That doth such ways allow;
The first is base, the last 's unjust:
Let neither blemish you!

If you intend to draw me on;
You overact your Part!
And if you mean to send me gone;
You need not half this Art!

Speak but the word; or do but cast
A look which seems to frown!
I'll give thee all the love that 's past;
The rest shall be my own!

And such a fair and equal way
On both sides, none can blame!
Since every one is bound to play
The fairest of his game!

I do confess, thou'rt smooth and fair!
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found, the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee!
But I can let thee now alone;
As worthy to be loved by none!

I do confess, thou'rt sweet! yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisseth everything it meets!
And since thou canst love more than one;
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none!

The morning rose, that untouched stands,
Armed with her briars, how sweetly smells!
But plucked, and strained through ruder hands;
Her sweets no longer with her dwells!
But scent and beauty both are gone;
And leaves fall from it, one by one!

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide!
When thou hast handled been a while,
Like fair flowers, to be thrown aside!
And you shall sigh, when I shall smile,
To see thy love to every one,
Hath brought thee to be loved by none!

Earl of Pembroke.

DEAR!—leave thy home; and come with me!
That scorn the World for love of thee.
Here, we will live, within this Park;
A Court of Joy, and Pleasure's Ark!

Here, we will hunt! Here, we will range!
Constant in love; our sports we'll change!
Of hearts, if any change we make;
I will have thine! thou, mine shall take!

Here, we will walk upon the lawns;
And see the tripping of the fawns!
And all the deer shall wait on thee;
Thou shalt command both them and me!

The leaves a whispering noise shall make!
Their music notes the birds shall take!
And while thou art in quiet sleep,
And the green wood shall silence keep:

And while my herds about thee feed;
Love's lessons, in thy face I'll read!
And feed upon thy lovely look;
For Beauty hath no fairer book!

It 's not the weather, nor the air;
It is thyself, that is so fair!
Nor doth it rain, when heaven lowers;
But when you frown, then, fall the showers!

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.

One sun alone moves in the sky;
Two suns thou hast, one in each eye!
Only by day that sun gives light;
Where thine doth rise, there is no night!

Fair starry twins! scorn not to shine
Upon my lambs! upon my kine!
My grass doth grow! my corn and wheat,
My fruit, my vines, thrive by their heat!

Thou shalt have wool! Thou shalt have silk!
Thou shalt have honey, wine, and milk!
Thou shalt have all! for all is due,
Where thoughts are free, and love is true!

ON A LOVER,

THAT WOULD NOT BE BELOVED AGAIN.

DISDAIN me still! that I may ever love!

For who his Love enjoys, can love no more! ~
The war once past, with peace men cowards prove;
And ships returned, do rot upon the shore! [fair!'
Then, though thou frown, I'll say, 'Thou art most
And still I'll love; though still I must despair!

As heat 's to life; so is desire to Love!

For these once quenched, both life and Love are done!
Let not my sighs, nor tears, thy virtue move!

Like basest metals, do not melt too soon!

Laugh at my woes! although I ever mourn.
Love surfeits with rewards! His Nurse is scorn!

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.

THE HEART ENTIRE.

CANST thou love me ; and yet doubt
So much falsehood in my heart,
That a way I should find out
To impart
Fragments of a broken love to you ;
More than all, being less than due !
O, no ! Love must clear distrust ;
Or be eaten up with rust !
Short love-liking may find jars ;
The love that 's lasting knows no wars !

This Belief begets Delight,
And so satisfies Desire,
That, in them, it shines as light ;
No more fire !
All the burning qualities appeased :
Each, in other's joying pleased.
Not a whisper, not a thought,
But 'twixt both in common 's brought !
Even to seem Two, they are loth ;
Love being but one Soul in both !

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.

HAD I loved but at the rate
That had been ordained by Fate
 To all your kind;
I had then requited been,
Ere your sleighting I had seen;
 Or repined,
 Neglect to find.

But I am so wholly thine,
As in least part to be mine,
 My heart denies!
I can think no thought but thee;
Nor desire more light to see
 Than what doth rise
 From those fair eyes!

Dear! O, blame not this neglect!
In excess of my respect,
 The fault doth rest!
Thou didst pretty love impart
As could dwell in Woman's heart!
 None should be prest
 Beyond their best!

But when I did give thee more,
Than thou couldest well restore,
 And Woman be!
I made thee, against thy will,
To remain ungrateful still;
 By binding thee
 Too much to me!

Robert Burton.

*THE AUTHOR'S
ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY.*

WHEN I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown;
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet;
Methinks, the time runs very fleet!
All my joys to this, are folly;
Nought so sweet as Melancholy!

When I lie waking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize;
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks, the time moves very slow!
All my griefs to this, are jolly;
Nought so sad as Melancholy!

When, to myself I act and smile;
With pleasing thoughts, the time beguile,
By a brook side, or wood so green;
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness;
All my joys besides, are folly;
Nought so sweet as Melancholy!

Robert Burton.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den ;
With discontents and Furies then,
A thousand miseries at once,
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce ;
 All my griefs to this, are jolly ;
 None so sour as Melancholy !

Methinks, I hear ! methinks, I see !
Sweet music ! wondrous melody !
Towns ! palaces ! and cities fine !
Here now ! then there ! The world is mine !
Rare Beauties, gallant Ladies, shine !
Whate'er is lovely, or divine !
 All other joys to this, are folly ;
 None so sweet as Melancholy !

Methinks, I hear ! methinks, I see !
Ghosts ! goblins ! fiends ! My phantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes !
Headless bears ! black men ! and apes !
Doleful outcries and fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights !
 All my griefs to this, are jolly ;
 None so damned as Melancholy !

Robert Burton.

Methinks, I court! methinks, I kiss!
Methinks, I now embrace my Mistress!
O, blessèd days! O, sweet content?
In Paradise, my time is spent!
Such thoughts may still my fancy move.
Let me not die, but live in love!
 All my joys to this, are folly;
 Nought so sweet as Melancholy!

When I recount Love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits, O, mine hard fate!
I now repent; but 'tis too late!
No torment is so bad as Love;
So bitter to my soul can prove!
 All my griefs to this, are jolly;
 Nought so hard as Melancholy!

Friends and companions, get you gone!
'Tis my desire to be alone!
Ne'er well, but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy!
No gem, no treasure, like to this!
'Tis my delight! my crown! my bliss!
 All my joys to this, are folly;
 Nought so sweet as Melancholy!

Robert Burton.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone!
I am a beast, a monster, grown!
I will nō light, nor company!
I find it now my misery!
The scene is turned! My joys are gone!
Fear, discontent, and sorrows, come.
 All my griefs to this, are jolly;
 Nought so fierce as Melancholy!

I'll not change life with any King!
I ravished am! Can the world bring
More joy, than still to laugh and smile!
In pleasant toys, time to beguile!
Do not, O, do not trouble me!
So sweet content I feel and see!
 All my joys to this, are folly;
 None so divine as Melancholy!

I'll change my state with any wretch,
Thou canst from jail, or dunghill, fetch!
My pain past cure! another Hell!
I may not in this torment dwell!
Now desperate, I hate my life!
Lend me a halter; or a knife!
 All my griefs to this, are jolly;
 Nought so damned as Melancholy!

Sir John Beaumont, Bart.

*DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE WORLD,
A PILGRIM, AND VIRTUE.*

PILGRIM.

WHAT darkness clouds my senses ! Hath the day
Forgot his season ; and the sun, his way ?
Doth GOD withdraw his all-sustaining might ;
And work no more with his fair creature, Light ?
While heaven and earth, for such a loss complain ;
And turn to rude unformèd heaps again :
My paces with intangling briars are bound ;
And all this forest, in deep silence drowned.

Here, must my labour and my journey cease ;
By which, in vain, I sought for rest and peace.
But now perceive that Man's unquiet mind,
In all his ways, can only darkness find !
Here, I must starve and die ; unless some light
Point out the passage from this dismal night !

Sir John Beaumont, Bart.

WORLD.

Distressèd Pilgrim ! Let not causeless fear
Depress thy hopes ! for thou hast comfort near :
Which thy dull heart, with splendour shall inspire ;
And guide thee to thy period of desire.

Clear up thy brows ; and raise thy fainting eyes !
See, how my glitt'ring Palace open lies
For weary passengers ! whose desp'rate case
I pity ; and provide a resting-place.

PILGRIM.

O, thou whose speeches sound, whose beauties
shine,
Not like a creature ; but some Power divine !
Teach me thy style ! Thy worth and State declare ;
Whose glories, in this desert hidden are.

WORLD.

I am thine end ! FELICITY, my name !
The best of wishes, Pleasures, Riches, Fame,
Are humble vassals ; which my throne attend,
And make you mortals happy, when I send.

In my left hand, delicious fruits I hold,
To feed them who, with mirth and ease, grow old
Afraid to lose the fleeting days and nights,
They seize on time, and spend it in delights !

Sir John Beaumont, Bart.

My right hand, with triumphant crown, is stored ;
Which all the Kings of former times adored !

These gifts are thine ! Then enter, where no strife,
No grief, no pain, shall interrupt thy life !

VIRTUE.

Stay, hasty wretch ! Here, deadly serpents dwell !
And thy next step is on the brink of Hell !

Wouldst thou, poor weary man ! thy limbs repose ?
Behold my House, where true contentment grows !
Not like the baits which this Seducer gives :
Whose bliss, a day ; whose torment, ever, lives.

WORLD.

Regard not these vain speeches ! Let them go !
This is a poor worm, my condemnèd foe,
Bold threadbare VIRTUE ! who dares promise more
From empty bags, than I, from all my store !
Whose counsels make men draw unquiet breath ;
Expecting to be happy after death !

VIRTUE.

Canst thou now make, or hast thou ever made,
Thy servants happy in those things that fade ?
Hear this my challenge ! One example bring
Of such perfection ! Let him be the King
Of all the world, fearing no outward check ;

Sir John Beaumont, Bart.

And guiding others by his voice, or beck!
Yet shall this man, at ev'ry moment, find
More gall, than honey, in his restless mind!

Now, Monster! since my words have struck thee
dumb;

Behold this Garland! whence such virtues come,
Such glories shine, and piercing beams are thrown,
As make thee blind; and turn thee to a stone!

And thou, whose wand'ring feet were running down
Th' infernal steepness, look upon this Crown!
Within these folds lie hidden no deceits,
No golden lures, on which perdition waits!
But when thine eyes, the prickly thorns have past;
See, in the circle, boundless joys at last!

PILGRIM.

These things are now most clear! Thee, I embrace!
Immortal wealth! Let worldlings count thee base!
Choice is thy matter! glorious is thy shape!
Fit Crown for them who, tempting dangers, 'scape!

Philip Massinger.

THE blushing rose and purple flower,
Let grow too long, are soonest blasted!
Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sour,
And rot in ripeness, left untasted!
Yet here is one more sweet than these;
The more you taste, the more She'll please!

Beauty, though inclosed with ice,
Is a shadow chaste as rare;
Then, how much those sweets intice,
That have issue full as fair!
Earth cannot yield from all her powers,
One equal for Dame VENUS' bowers!

Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death!
To stop a wretch's breath?
That calls on thee; and offers her sad heart
A prey unto thy dart!
I am nor young, nor fair! Be therefore bold!
Sorrow hath made me old,
Deformed, and wrinkled! All that I can crave,
Is quiet in my grave!
Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel!
But, to me, thou art cruel,
If thou end not my tedious misery;
And I soon cease to be!
Strike! and strike home then! Pity unto me,
In one short hour's delay, is tyranny!

Sir Henry Wotton.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SPRING.

On a bank, as I sat a fishing.

AND now all Nature seemed in love.
The lusty sap began to move!
New juice did stir th' embracing vines;
And birds had drawn their Valentines!
The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly!
There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill!

Already were the eaves possest
With the swift pilgrims' daubèd nest!
The groves already did rejoice
In PHILOMEL's triumphing voice!

The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled!

JOAN takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where, for some sturdy football Swain,
JOAN strokes a syllabub, or twain!

The fields and gardens are beset
With tulip, crocus, violet!

And now, though late, the modest rose,
Did more than half a blush disclose!

Thus all looked gay, all full of cheer,
To welcome the new-liveried year.

Sir Henry Wotton.

ON HIS MISTRESS, . . . BETH,]
THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

You, meaner Beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number, than your light!
You, common people of the skies!
What are you, when the Sun shall rise?

You, curious Chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents! What 's your praise,
When PHILOMEL her voice shall raise?

You, Violets, that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the Year;
As if the Spring were all your own!
What are you, when the Rose is blown?

So, when my Mistress shall be seen,
In form and beauty of her mind,
By Virtue first, then Choice, a Queen;
Tell me, If she were not designed
Th' Eclipse and Glory of her kind?

Sir Henry Wotton.

*A DESCRIPTION
OF THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS.*

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
 Fly, fly to Courts!
 Fly to fond worldlings' sports!
Where strained sardonic Smiles are glozing still;
And Grief is forced to laugh against her will!
 Where Mirth 's but mummery;
 And Sorrows only real be!

Fly from our Country Pastimes! Fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
 Come, serene looks,
 Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty!
 Peace and a secure mind,
 Which all men seek, we only find!

Sir Henry Wotton.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where Joy, Heart's ease, and Comforts grow;
 You'd scorn proud towers,
 And seek them in these bowers!
Where winds, sometimes, our woods, perhaps, may
 shake;
But blust'ring care could never tempest make!
 Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
 Saving of fountains, that glide by us.

Here, 's no fantastic Masque; nor dance,
But of our kids, that frisk and prance:
 Nor wars are seen,
 Unless, upon the green,
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other;
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother:
 And wounds are never found;
 Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here, are no false entrapping baits,
To hasten too too hasty fates:
 Unless it be
 • The fond credulity
Of silly fish; which, worldling-like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook!
 Nor envy, unless among
 The birds; for prize of their sweet song.

Sir Henry Wotton.

Go! let the diving Negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek!
 We all pearls scorn,
 Save what the dewy Morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass;
Which careless Shepherds beat down as they pass:
 And gold ne'er here appears
 Save what the yellow CERES bears.

Blest silent groves! O, may ye be
For ever, Mirth's best nursery!
 May pure Contents
 For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs! these meads! these rocks!
 these mountains!
And Peace still slumber, by these purling fountains!
 Which we may, every year,
 Find, when we come a fishing here.

John Milton.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now, the bright Morning Star, Day's Harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East; and leads with her,
The flow'ry May: who, from her green lap, throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and Youth, and warm desire!

Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing!
Thus, we salute thee, with our early Song;
And welcome thee, and wish thee long!

ON SHAKESPEARE, 1630.

WHAT needs my SHAKESPEARE, for his honoured bones,
The labour of an Age in pilèd stones;
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid!
Dear Son of Memory! Great Heir of Fame!
What need'st thou, such weak witness of thy name?

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a lifelong Monument!
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavouring Art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued Book,
Those Delphic lines, with deep impression took:
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble, with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die!

John Milton

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair 'of Sirens! pledges of Heaven's joy!
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice! and Verse!
Wed your divine sounds; and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce!
And to our high-raised fantasy present
That undisturbèd Song, of pure consent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne,
To Him that sits thereon;
With saintly shout, and solemn Jubilee.

Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow;
And the Cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires;
With those Just Spirits, that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy Psalms
Singing everlastingly.

That we, on Earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise!
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against Nature's chime; and, with harsh din,
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great LORD: whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.

O, may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heaven! till GOD, ere long,
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him; and sing in endless morn of light.

John Milton.

*ON THE MORNING OF
CHRIST'S NATIVITY.*

THIS is the month ; and this, the happy Morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring.
For so, the holy Sages once did sing,
That he, our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father, work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty ;
Wherewith he wont, at Heaven's high Council Table,
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ! and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of Everlasting Day ;
And chose, with us, a darksome house of mortal clay !

Say, Heavenly Muse ! shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the infant GOD !
Hast thou no Verse, no Hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this, his new abode ?
Now ! while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light ;
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright.

John Milton.

See, how, from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste, with odours sweet!
O, run! prevent them with thy humble Ode;
And lay it lowly at his blessèd feet!
Have thou the honour, first thy LORD to greet!
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret altar, touched with hallowed fire!

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child,
All meanly wrapped, in the rude manger lies:
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize.
It was no season then, for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour!

Only, with speeches fair,
She woos the gentle Air,
To hide her guilty front, with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw!
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

John A.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace.
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning Sphere,
His ready Harbinger,
With turtle wing, the amorous clouds dividing :
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a Universal Peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around.
The idle spear and shield were high up hung.
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood.
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng.
And Kings sat still, with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their Sovereign Lord was
nigh.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean ;
Who, now, hath quite forgot to rave ;
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd
wave.

John Milton.

The stars, with deep amazē,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending' one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light ;
Or LUCIFER, that often warned them thence :
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their LORD himself bespake ; and bid them, go !

And though the shady gloom
Had given Day her room ;
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed :
And hid his face for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need.
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could
bear.

The Shepherds, on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row.
Full little thought they then
That the mighty PAN
Was kindly come to live with them below..
Perhaps, their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep ;

John Milton.

‘When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook!
Divinely-warbled voice
Answ’ring the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took.
The Air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of CYNTHIA’s seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now, was almost won
To think her part was done;
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling.
She knew, such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last, surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light, [arrayed.
That, with long beams, the shame-faced Night
The helmèd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim [played ;
Are seen, in glittering ranks, with wings dis-
Harping, in loud and solemn Quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven’s new-born Heir.

John Milton.

Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when, of old, the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set;
And the well-balanced world, on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep;
And bid the weltring waves, their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal Spheres!
Once bless our human ears!
(If ye have power to touch our senses so!)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Bass of Heaven's deep Organ blow!
And with your ninefold Harmony,
Make up full consort to th' angelic Symphony!

For if such Holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back; and fetch the Age of Gold!
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon, and die;
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould:
And Hell itself will pass away;
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
day.

John Milton.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and like glories wearing:
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet, the tissued clouds down steering:
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

But wisest Fate says 'No!'
This must not yet be so!
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify.
Yet, first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful Trump of Doom must thunder through
the deep,

With such a horrid clang,
As on Mount Sinai rang;
While the red fire and smould'ring clouds out brake
The agèd Earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake:
When, at the world's Last Session,
The dreadful Judge, in middle air, shall spread his throne.

John Milton.

And then, at last, our bliss
Full and perfect is ;
But now begins. For, from this happy day,
Th' old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway ;
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The Oracles are dumb !
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
APOLLO, from his shrine,
Can no more divine ;
With hollow shriek, the steep of Delphos leaving !
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed Priest, from the prophetic cell !

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament !
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale ;
The parting Genius is, with sighing, sent !
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs, in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn !

John Milton.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The *Lars* and *Lemures* moan, with midnight plaint.
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the *Flamens* at their service quaint.
And the chill marble seems to sweat;
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

PROR and BAALIM
Forsake their Temples dim;
With that twice-battered God of Palestine:
And moonèd ASIITAROTH,
Heaven's Queen and Mother both,
Now, sits not girt with tapers' holy shine!
The Libyc HAMMON shrinks his horn!
In vain, the Tyrian Maids, their wounded THAMMUZ
mourn!

And sullen MOLOCH fled,
Hath left, in shadows dread,
His burning idol, all of blackest hue!
In vain, with cymbals' ring,
They call the grisly King;
In dismal dance, about the furnace blue!
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
ISIS and ORUS, and the dog ANUBIS, haste!

John Milton.

Nor is OSIRIS seen
In Memphian grove, or green, [loud!
Trampling the unshowered grass, with lowings
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud!
In vain, with timbrelled Anthems dark,
The sable-stolèd Sorcerers bear his worshipped Ark!

He feels, from Judah's land,
The dreaded Infant's hand!
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne!
Nor all the Gods beside
Longer dare abide;
Not TYPHON huge, ending in snaky twine!
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can, in his swaddling bands, control the damnèd crew!

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave;
The flocking Shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal Jail,
Each fettered Ghost slips to his several grave:
And the yellow-skirted Fays
Fly after the night seeds; leaving their moon-loved
maze.

John Milton.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious Song should here have ending!
Heaven's youngest-teemèd Star
Hath fixed her polished car;
Her sleeping LORD, with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnessed Angels sit, in order serviceable.

SWEET ECHO! Sweetest Nymph! that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green;
And in the violet-imbroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn Nightingale,
Nightly to thee, her sad Song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That liketh thy NARCISSUS are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave;
Tell me, but Where?
Sweet Queen of Parley! Daughter of the Sphere!
So mayst thou be translated to the skies;
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies!

Sir William Davenant.

TO THE KING,

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1630.

THE joys of eager Youth, of Wine, and Wealth,
Of Faith untroubled, and unphysicked Health,
Of Lovers when their nuptials nigh,
Of Saints forgiven when they die;

Let this Year bring

To CHARLES our King!

To CHARLES! who is th' example, and the law;
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe.

Long proffered Peace, and that, not compassed by
Expensive Treaties, but a Victory;

And Victories by Fame obtained,

Or Prayer; and not by slaughter gained:

Let this Year bring, &c.

A Session too, of such who can obey;

As they were gathered to consult, not sway!

Who not rebel, in hope to get

Some Office to reclaim their wit;

Let this Year bring, &c.

Prætors, who will the Public Cause defend

With timely gifts; not speeches finely penned!

So make the Northern Victor's fame

No more our envy, nor our shame!

Let this Year bring, &c.

*TO THE QUEEN [HENRIETTA MARIA],
ENTERTAINED, AT NIGHT, BY THE
COUNTESS OF ANGLESEA.*

FAIR as unshaded Light; or as the Day
In its first birth, when all the year was May!
Sweet as the altar's smoke; or as the new
Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew!
Smooth as the face of waters first appeared;
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard!
Kind as the willing Saints; and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven Hermits are!
You (that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise, with such dull Art!), what make you here?

Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at green;
You come, as if the Silver Planet were
Misled a while from her much-injured Sphere;
And, t' ease the travails of her beams to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light!

Anonymous.

TRUTH'S INTEGRITY.

OVER the mountains, and under the waves;
Over the fountains, and under the graves;
Over floods, which are the deepest, which do NEPTUNE obey;
Over rocks which are the steepest, LOVE will find out the way!

Where there is no place for the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no space for the receipt of a fly;
Where the gnat, she dares not venture, lest herself fast she lay;
But if LOVE come, he will enter, and will find out the way!

You may esteem him a child, by his force;
Or you may deem him a coward, which is worse:
But if he, whom LOVE doth honour, be concealed from the day;
Set a thousand guards upon him; LOVE will find out the way!

Some think to lose him, which is too unkind;
And some do suppose him, poor heart! to be blind:
If that he were hidden, do the best that you may!
Blind LOVE, if so you call him, will find out the way!

Well may the eagle stoop down to the fist,
Or you may inveigle the Phoenix of the East;
With fear, the tiger 's moved to give over his prey:
But never stop a Lover! He will post on his way!

From Dover to Berwick, and nations throughout,
Brave GUY of Warwick, that Champion so stout,
With his warlike behaviour, through the world he did stray,
To win his PHILLIS' favour. LOVE will find out the way!

Anonymous.

In order, next enters BEVIS so brave,
After adventures and policy grave,
To see whom he desired, his JOSIAN so gay, •
For whom his heart was fired. LOVE found out the way!

THE SECOND PART.

The Gordian knot, which True Lovers knit,
Undo, you cannot; nor yet break it!
Make use of your inventions, their fancies to betray;
To frustrate your intentions, LOVE will find out the way!
From Court to the Cottage, in Bower and in Hall;
From the King unto the beggar; LOVE conquers all!
Though ne'er so stout and lordly, strive, do, what you may;
Yet, be you ne'er so hardy, LOVE will find out the way!

LOVE hath power over Princes, and greatest Emperor,
In any Province! Such is LOVE's power,
There is no resisting; but him to obey!
In spite of all contesting, LOVE will find out the way!

If that he were hidden, and all men that are,
Were strictly forbidden, that place to declare;
Winds, that have no abidings, pitying their delay,
Will come and bring him tidings, and direct him the way!

If the earth should part him; he would gallop it o'er!
If the seas should o'erthwart him; he would swim to the shore!
Should his Love become a swallow, through the air to stray;
LOVE would lend wings to follow, and will find out the way!

There is no striving to cross his intent!
There is no contriving, his plots to prevent!
But if once the message greet him, that his True Love doth stay;
If Death should come and meet him; LOVE will find out the way!

Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich.

THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL.

'FAREWELL, rewards and Fairies !'

Good housewives now may say ;
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they !
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than Maids were wont to do ;
Yet who, of late, for cleanliness,
Finds sixpence in her shoe !

Lament, lament, old Abbeys !
The Fairies' lost command !
They did but change Priests' babies ;
But some have changed your land !
And all your children, sprung from thence,
Are now grown Puritans !
Who live as Changelings ever since,
For love of your demains.

At morning, and at evening both,
You merry were and glad !
So little care of sleep, or sloth,
These pretty Ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss, to milking 'Rose' ;
Then merrily, merrily, went their tabour ;
And nimbly went their toes !

Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich.

Witness, those Rings and Roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed, in Queen MARY's days,
On many a grassy plain :
But since, of late, ELIZABETH,
And, later, JAMES, came in,
They never danced on any heath,
As when the time hath been.

By which, we note the Fairies
Were of the old Profession !
Their Songs were *Ave MARY!* 's
Their dances were Procession !
But now, alas, they all are dead ;
Or gone beyond the seas !
Or farther for Religion fled ;
Or else they take their ease !

A tell-tale in their company,
They never could endure !
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punished, sure !
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such black and blue !
O, how the common wealth doth want
Such Justices as you !

Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich.

Now they have left our quarters,
A Registrar they have,
Who looketh to their Charters;
A man both wise and grave.
A hundred of their merry pranks,
By one that I could name,
Are kept in store! con twenty thanks
To WILLIAM for the same!

I marvel, who his cloak would turn,
When PUCK had led him round!
Or where those Walking Fires would burn,
Where CURETON would be found!
How BROKER would appear to be;
For whom this Age doth mourn!
But that their spirits live in thee,
In thee, old WILLIAM CHOURNE!

To WILLIAM CHOURNE of Staffordshire;
Give laud and praises due!
Who, every meal, can mend your cheer,
With tales both old and true!
To WILLIAM, all give audience;
And pray ye for his noddle!
For all the Fairies' Evidence
Were lost, if that were addle!

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN.

AM I mad? O, noble FISTUS!
When zeal and godly knowledge
 Have put me in hope
 To deal with the Pope,
As well as the best in his College!
 Boldly I preach! hate a cross! hate a
 surplice,
 Mitres, copes, and rochets!
Come, hear me pray nine times a day!
And fill your heads with crotchets!

In the House of pure Emanuel,
I had my education:
 Where my friends surmise
 I dazzled mine eyes
With the light of *Revelation*.
 Boldly I preach! hate a cross! &c.

They bound me, like a Bedlam!
They lashed my four poor quarters!
 Whilst this I endure,
 Faith makes me sure,
To be one of Fox's Martyrs!
 Boldly I preach! hate a cross! &c.

Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich.

These injuries I suffer
Through Antichrist's persuasions!
Take off this chain;
Neither Rome, nor Spain,
Can resist my strong invasions!
Boldly I preach! hate a cross! &c.

Of the Beast's ten horns, God bless us!
I have knocked off three already!
If they let me alone;
I'll leave him none!
But they say, 'I am too heady!'
Boldly I preach! hate a cross! &c.

When I sacked the Seven-Hilled City;
I met the great red Dragon!
I kept him aloof
With armour of proof;
Though, here, I have never a rag on!
Boldly I preach! hate a cross! &c.

With a fiery sword and target;
There, fought I with this monster!
But the Sons of Pride
My zeal deride;
And all my deeds misconster!
Boldly I preach! hate a cross! &c.

Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich.

I unhorsed the Whore of Babel,
With a lance of inspiration!
 I made her stink, .
 And spill her drink
In the Cup of Abominations!
 Boldly I preach! hate a cross! &c.

I have seen Two in a Vision,
With a Flying Book between them!
 I have been in despair
 Five times a year;
And cured by reading GREENHAM.
 Boldly I preach! hate a cross! &c.

I observed in PERKINS' Tables
The black lines of damnation.
 Those crooked veins
 So struck in my brains,
That I feared my reprobation!
 Boldly I preach! hate a cross! &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan,
I placed my chiefest pleasure;
 Till I pricked my foot
 With a Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure!
 Boldly I preach! hate a cross! &c.

Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich.

I appeared before the Archbishop
And all the High Commission.
•I gave him no 'Grace';
But told him, to his face,
That he favoured superstition!
Boldly I preach! hate a cross! &c.

TO THE GHOST OF ROBERT WISDOM.

THOU, once a body, now but air!
Arch-botcher of a *Psalm* or *Prayer*!
From Carfax, come!
And patch me up a zealous Lay,
With an old *ever*, and *for aye*,
Or *all and some*!

Or such a Spirit lend to me,
That may a *Hymn* down send me,
To purge my brain!
So, ROBERT, look behind thee!
Lest *Turk and Pope* do find thee;
And go to bed again!

Richard Brome

NOR Love, nor Fate, dare I accuse;
For that my Love did me refuse:
But, O, mine own unworthiness,
That durst presume so mickle bliss!
It was too much, for me to love
A man so like the Gods above!
An angel's shape, and saint-like voice,
Are too divine for human choice!

O, had I wisely given my heart
For to have loved him, but in part!
Sought only to enjoy his face,
Or any one peculiar grace
Of foot, of hand, of lip, or eye;
I might have lived; where now I die!
But I, presuming all to choose,
Am now condemnèd all to lose!

[You, rural Gods, that guard the Swains,
And punish all unjust disdains;
O, do not censure him for this!
It was my error; and not his!
This only boon, of you I'll crave!
To fix these lines upon my grave.
*Like ICARUS, I soared too high;
For which offence, I pine! I die!*]

A NUPTIAL CAROL.

THUS, in pomp and priestly pride,
To glorious JUNO's altar go we!
Thus, to JUNO's altar, show we
The noble Bridegroom and his Bride!
Let JUNO's hourly blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye!

May these Lovers never want
True joys; nor ever beg in vain
Their choice desires! but obtain
What they can wish, or she can grant!
Let JUNO's hourly blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye!

From satiety, from strife,
Jealousies, domestic jars,
From those blows that leave no scars;
JUNO protect your married life!
JUNO's hourly blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye!

Thus, to HYMEN's sacred bands,
We commend your chaste deserts!
That, as JUNO linked your hearts,
He would please to join your hands!
And let both their blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye!

EMBLEMS.

BOOK II, No. 5.

Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? For riches make themselves wings: they fly away as an eagle.—PROVERBS xxiii. 5.

FALSE World! thou li'st! Thou canst not lend
The least delight!
Thy favours cannot gain a friend;
They are so slight!
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please, at night!
Poor are the wants that thou suppli'st;
And yet thou vaunt'st! and yet thou vi'st
With Heaven! Fond Earth, thou boast'st! False
World, thou li'st!

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure!
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure!
Thou ask'st the Conscience, What she ails?
And swear'st to ease her!
There 's none can want, where thou suppli'st!
There 's none can give, where thou deni'st!
Alas, fond World! thou boast'st! False World,
thou li'st!

Francis Quarles.

What well-advised ear regards
 What Earth can say?
Thy words are gold; but thy rewards
 Are painted clay!
Thy cunning can but pack the cards;
 Thou canst not play!
Thy game, at weakest, still thou vi'st!
If seen, and then revied, deni'st!
Thou art not what thou seem'st! False World, thou li'st!

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
 Of new-coined treasure!
A Paradise, that has no stint,
 No change, no measure!
A painted cask; but nothing in it,
 Nor wealth, nor pleasure!
Vain Earth! that falsely thus compli'st
With Man! Vain Man! that thou reli'st [li'st!
On Earth! Vain Man, thou dot'st! Vain Earth, thou

What mean, dull souls! in this high measure
 To haberdash
In Earth's base wares; whose greatest treasure
 Is dross and trash!
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
 Is but a flash!
Are these, the goods that thou suppli'st
Us mortals with? Are these, the high'st?
Can these, bring cordial peace? False World, thou li'st!

ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MAN.

THE world 's a Theatre. The earth, a Stage
Placed in the midst: where both Prince and Page,
Both rich and poor, fool, wise man, base and high,
All act their Parts in Life's short Tragedy.

Our life 's a Tragedy. Those secret Rooms,
Wherein we 'tire us, are our mothers' wombs.
The Music ush'ring in the Play is mirth
To see a man-child brought upon the earth.
That fainting gasp of breath which first we vent,
Is a Dumb Show; presents the Argument.
Our new-born cries, that new-born griefs bewray,
Are the sad Prologue of th' ensuing Play.
False hopes, true fears, vain joys, and fierce distracts,
Are like the Music that divides the Acts.
Time holds the Glass; and when the Hour 's outrun,
Death strikes the Epilogue, and the Play is done!

Anonymous.

'BLUE CAP FOR ME!'

OR

A SCOTTISH LASS, HER RESOLUTE CHOOSING:

SHE'LL HAVE BONNY BLUE CAP! ALL OTHERS REFUSING.

[The broken English, &c., of this Ballad is intended to represent the way our language was spoken by Welshmen, Irishmen, and foreigners, in the reign of CHARLES I. There is broad Scotch in the last stanza.—E. A.]

COME hither, the merriest of all the Nine!

Come, sit thee down by me; and let us be jolly!
And in a full cup of APOLLO's wine,

We'll drown our old enemy, mad Melancholy!
Which, when we have done; we'll between us devise
A dainty new Ditty, with Art to comprise:
And of this new Ditty, the matter shall be,
'Gif ever I have a man; Blue Cap for me!'

There lives a blithe Lass in Falkland town;

And she had some suitors, I wot not how many!
But her resolution she had set down,

That she'd have a Blue Cap; gif e'er she had any!
An Englishman, when our good King was there,
Came often unto her, and loved her dear:
But still she replied, 'Sir, I pray, let me be!
Gif ever I have a man; Blue Cap for me!'

Anonymous.

A Welshman, that had a long sword by her side,
Red prites, red tublet, red coat, and red peard!
Was make a creat show, with a creat deal of pride;
And tell her strange tale, that the like was ne'er heard:
Was reckon her pedigree long before PRUTE;
Nobody was by her, that can her confute!
But still she replied, 'Sir, I pray, let me be!
Gif ever I have a man; Blue Cap for me!'

A Frenchman, that largely was booted and spurred,
Long-locked, with a ribbon, long points, and breeches,
He 's ready to kiss her, at every word;
And for further exercise, his finger itches.
'You be pretty wench, Mistress, *par ma foi*!
Be gar, me do love you! then be not you coy!
But still she replied, 'Sir, I pray, let me be!
Gif ever I have a man; Blue Cap for me!'

An Irishman, with a long skean in his hose,
Did tink to obtain her. It was no great matter!
Upstairs, to her chamber so lightly he goes,
That she ne'er heard him, until he came at her.
Quoth he, 'I do love you, by fate and by trote!
And if you will have me, experience shall shote!
But still she replied, 'Sir, I pray, let me be!
Gif ever I have a man; Blue Cap for me!'

Anonymous.

A dainty spruce Spaniard, with hair black as jet,
Long cloak with round cape, a long rapier and poniard;
He told her, If that She could Scotland forget;
He'd show her the vines as they grow in the vineyard.
'If thou wilt abandon this country so cold;
I'll show thee fair Spain, and much Indian gold!'
But still she replied, 'Sir, I pray, let me be!
Gif ever I have a man; Blue Cap for me!'

A haughty High German, of Hamborough town,
A proper tall Gallant, with mighty mustachioes,
He weeps, if the Lass upon him do but frown;
Yet he's a great fencer, that comes to o'ermatch us.
But yet all his fine fencing could not get the Lass!
She denied him so oft, that he wearied was.
For still she replied, 'Sir, I pray, let me be!
Gif ever I have a man; Blue Cap for me!'

A Netherlander mariner, there came by chance;
Whose cheeks did resemble two roasting pome waters:
To this canny Lass, he his suit did advance;
And, as taught by Nature, he cunningly flatters.
'Isk will make thee,' said he, 'sole Lady o' th' Sea!
Both Spaniards and Englishmen shall thee obey!':
But still she replied, 'Sir, I pray, let me be!
Gif ever I have a man; Blue Cap for me!'

Anonymous.

These sundry suitors, of several lands,
" Did daily solicit this Lass for their favour;
And every one of them alike
That to win the prize, they in great endeavour.
For She had resolved, as I before said,
To have bonny Blue Cap; or else die a maid!
Unto all her suppliants still replied she,
'Gif ever I have a man; Blue Cap for me!'

At last, came a Scottish man, with a blue cap;
And he was the party for whom She had tarried.
To get this blithe bonny Lass, 'twas his gude hap;
They ganged to the Kirk, and were presently married.
I ken not weel, whether it were [a] Lord, or Laird!
They caud him some sike a like name, as I heard.
To choose him from au, she did gladly agree;
And still she cried, 'Blue Cap' th' art welcome to me!'

John Ford.

A BRIDAL SONG.

CÓMFORTS lasting! Loves increasing,
Like soft hours never ceasing!
Plenty's pleasure! Peace complying
Without jars; or tongue's envying!
Hearts by holy union wedded
More than theirs, by custom bedded!
Fruitful issues! Life so gracèd,
Not by Age to be defacèd;
Budding, as the year ensu'th,
Every Spring, another Youth!
All what thought can add beside,
Crown this Bridegroom, and this Bride!

O, no more! no more! Too late
Sighs are spent! The burning tapers
Of a life (as chaste as Fate;
Pure as are unwritten papers!)
Are burnt out! No heat, no light
Now remains! 'Tis ever night!

Love is dead! Let Lovers' eyes,
Locked in endless dreams
(Th' extremes of all extremes!),
Ope no more! for now Love dies!
Now Love dies, implying
Love's Martyrs must be ever, ever dying!

ALL. GLORIES, Pleasures, Pomps, Delights, and Ease,
Can but please
The outward senses; when the mind
Is, or untroubled, or by peace refined.

1ST. Crowns may flourish, and decay!
Beauties shine; but fade away!

2ND. Youth may revel; but it must
Lie down in a bed of dust!

3RD. Earthly honours flow, and waste!
Time alone doth change, and last!

ALL. Sorrows, mingled with Contents, prepare
Rest for Care!
Love only reigns in death! though Art
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart!

Ford and Decker.

HAYMAKERS! Rakers! Reapers! and Mowers!
Wait on your Summer Queen!
Dress up, with musk-rose, her eglantine bowers!
Daffadils, strew the green!
Sing, dance, and play!
'Tis holiday!
The Sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn!
Rich as a pearl,
Comes every Girl!
This is mine! This is mine! This is mine!
Let us die, ere away they be borne!

Bow to the Sun, to our Queen, and that Fair One
Come to behold our sports!
Each bonny Lass here, is counted a rare one,
As those in Princes' Courts!
Thèse and we,
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound;
And the hills, with echoes hollow!
Skipping lambs,
Their bleating dams,
'Mongst kids, shall trip it round!
For joy, thus our wenches we follow!

Ford and Decker.

Wind, jolly Huntsmen! your neat bugles shrilly!
Hounds, make a lusty cry!
Spring up, you, Falconers! the partridges freely;
Then let your brave hawks fly!
Horses, amain,
Over ridge, over plain!
The dogs have the stag in chase;
'Tis a sport to content a King!
So ho! ho! Through the skies,
How the proud bird flies;
And, sousing, kill with a grace!
Now, the deer falls! Hark, how they ring!

Rev. George Herbert.

EMPLOYMENT.

HE that is weary, let him sit!
My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit;
Quitting the fur
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no star; but a quick coal
Of mortal fire!
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire;
Lets his own ashes choke his soul!

When th' Elements did for place contest
With Him, whose will
Ordained the highest to be best:
The Earth sat still!
And by the others is oppress.

Life is a business, not good cheer!
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth, there, or here;
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

O, that I were an orange tree,
That busy plant!
Then should I ever laden be;
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dressèd me.

Rev. George Herbert.

But we are still too young, or old!
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold!
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold!

THE PILGRIMAGE.

I TRAVELLED on; seeing the Hill, where lay
My expectation.

A long, it was, and weary, way!

The gloomy Cave of Desperation,
I left on th' one; and on the other side,
The Rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's Meadow, strowed
With many a flower;

Fain would I here have made abode!

But I was quickened by my hour:
So to Care's Copse I came; and there got through,
With much ado.

This led me to the Wild of Passion, which
Some call, the Wold.

A wasted place; but sometimes rich.

Here, I was robbed of all my gold;
Save some good angel, which a friend had tied
Close to my side.

Rev. George Herbert.

At length, I got unto the gladsome Hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gained the brow and top,
A Lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found!

With that abashed, and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears;
I fell, and cried, 'Alas, my King!
Can both the Way and End be tears?'
Yet, taking heart, I rose; and then perceived
I was deceived!

My Hill was further! So I flang away!
Yet heard a cry,
Just as I went, 'None goes that way,
And lives!' 'If that be all,' said I,
'After so foul a journey, death is fair;
And but a chair!'

THE COLLAR.

I STRUCK the board, and cried, 'No more!
I will abroad!
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road!
Loose as the wind! as large as store!

Rev. George Herbert.

‘Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest, but a thorn
To let me blood; and not restore
What I have lost, with cordial fruit?
Sure, there was wine,
Before my sighs did dry it! There was corn,
Before my tears did drown it!
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers? no garlands gay? All blasted!
All wasted!

‘Not so, my heart! but there is fruit;
And thou hast hands!
Recover all thy sigh-blown age,
On double pleasures! Leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit; and not forsake thy cage!
Thy Rope of Sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce, and draw,
And be thy law:
While thou didst wink; and wouldst not see!

‘Away, take heed!
I will abroad!
Call in thy death’s head there! Tie up thy fears!
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load!’ .

Rev. George Herbert.

But, as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word;
Methought, I 'heard one calling, 'Child!'
And I replied, 'My LORD!'

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O LORD! how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! E'en as the flowers in Spring!
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away,
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing!

Who would have thought, my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness! It was gone
Quite under ground! as flowers depart
To see their mother root, when they have blown:
Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, LORD of Power!
Killing and quick'ning! bringing down to Hell,
And up to Heaven, in an hour!
Making a chiming, of a passing, bell!
We say amiss
This, or that, is.
Thy word is all! if we could spell.

Rev. George Herbert.

O, that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise; where no flower can wither!
Many a Spring, I shoot up fair! .
Offering at Heaven, growing and groaning thither!
Nor doth my flower
Want a Spring shower!
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if Heaven were mine own;
Thy anger comes, and I decline!
What frost, to that! What Pole is not the zone
Where all things burn;
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now, in age, I bud again!
After so many deaths, I live and write!
I once more smell the dew and rain;
And relish Versing! O, my only Light!
It cannot be,
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night!

These are thy wonders, LORD of Love!
To make us see, we are but flowers that glide!
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a Garden for us, where to bide!
Who would be more
(Swelling through store!),
Forfeit their Paradise, by their pride!

THE PULLEY.

WHEN GOD, at first, made Man,
Having a Glass of Blessings standing by,
‘Let us,’ said He, ‘pour on him all we can!’
Let the world’s riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span!’

So Strength first made a way!
Then Beauty flowed! Then Wisdom! Honour! Pleasure!
When almost all was out, GOD made a stay;
Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

‘For if I should,’ said He,
‘Bestow this jewel also on my creature;
He would adore my gifts, instead of me!
And rest in Nature, not the GOD of Nature:
So both should losers be!

‘Yet, let him keep the rest;
But keep them with repining restlessness!’
Let him be rich and weary! that, at least,
If goodness lead him not; yet weariness
May toss him to my breast!’

Rev. George

SUNDAY.

O, DAY, most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud!
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend; and with his blood!
The couch of Time! Care's balm and bay!
The week were dark, but for thy light!
Thy torch doth show the way!

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at Heaven with thy brow!
The worky-days are the back part
The burden of the week lies there;
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear!

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One!
Whom (if we were not very dull)
We could not choose but look on still!
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill!

Sundays, the pillars are
On which Heaven's Palace archèd lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.

Rev. George Herbert.

They are ~~the~~ fruitful beds and borders
In GOD's rich garden! That is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of Man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the Wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday, Heaven's gate stands ope!
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope!

This day, my Saviour rose;
And did inclose this light for his!
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
CHRIST hath took in this piece of ground;
And made a garden there, for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation,
Our great Redeemer did remove,
With that same shake which, at his Passion,
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away;
CHRIST's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day!

Rev. George Herbert.

The brightness of that ~~day~~;
We sullied by our foul offence!
Wherefore that robe we cast away;
Having a new at his expense.
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a Day of Mirth!
And where the week-days trail on ground;
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth!
O, let me take thee at the bound!
Leaping with thee, from seven to seven;
Till that we both (being tossed from Earth)
Fly, hand in hand, to Heaven!

THE WORLD.

LOVE built a stately House: where FORTUNE came,
And, spinning fancies, she was heard to say,
'That her fine cobwebs did support the frame!'
Whereas they were supported by the same.
But WISDOM quickly swept them all away.

Then PLEASURE came: who (liking not the fashion)
Began to make balconies, terraces,
Till she had weakened all by alteration:
But rev'rend Laws, and many a Proclamation,
Reformèd all, at length, with menaces!

Rev. George Herbert.

Then entered SIN: and with that sycomore [dew),
(Whose leaves first sheltered Man from drought and
Working, and winding sily, evermore,
The inward walls and summers cleft and tore:
But GRACE shored these! and cut that, as it grew.

Then SIN combined with DEATH in a firm band,
To raze the building to the very floor:
Which they effected. None could them withstand!
But LOVE and GRACE took GLORY by the hand,
And built a braver Palace than before.

MAN'S MEDLEY.

HARK! how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring!
All creatures have their joy; and Man hath his!
Yet, if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, than in present, is.

To this life, things of sense
Make their pretence!
In th' other, angels have a right by birth!
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one: [Earth.
With th' one hand, touching Heaven; and th' other,

Rev. George Herbert.

In soul, he mounts and flies!
In flesh, he dies!
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round;
But trimmed with curious lace:
And should take place
After the trimming! not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer!
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their heads;
So must he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead!

But as his joys are double;
So is his trouble!
He hath two winters! other things but one!
Both frosts, and thoughts, do nip
And bite his lip;
And he, of all things, fears two deaths alone!

Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs;
Could he but take them right, and in their ways!
Happy is he, whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise!

VIRTUE.

SWEET Day! so cool! so calm! so bright!
The Bridal of the Earth and Sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die!

Sweet Rose! whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave;
For thou must die!

Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses!
A box where sweets compacted lie!
My music shows, ye have your closes;
And all must die!

Only a sweet and virtuous Soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives!
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives!

Rev. George Herbert.

DISCIPLINE.

THROW away thy rod!
Throw away thy wrath,
 O, my GOD!
Take the gentle path!

For my heart's desire
Unto thine is bent!
 I aspire
To a full consent!

Not a word, or look,
I affect to own
 But by book;
And thy Book alone!

Though I fail, I weep!
Though I halt in pace;
 Yet I creep
To the Throne of Grace!

Then, let wrath remove!
Love will do the deed!
 For with love
Stony hearts will bleed!

Love is swift of foot!
Love 's a man of war,
 And can shoot!
And can hit from far!

Rev. George Herbert.

Who can 'scape his bow!
That which wrought on thee,
 Brought thee low;
Needs must work on me!

Throw away thy rod!
Though Man frailties hath;
 Thou art GOD!
Throw away thy wrath!

EASTER. [THE FIRST POEM.]

RISE, Heart! Thy LORD is risen! Sing His praise
 Without delays;
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
 With him mayst rise!
That, as his death calcinèd thee to dust;
His life may make thee gold, and much more just!

Awake, my Lute! and struggle for thy part,
 With all thy art!
The Cross taught all wood to resound his name,
 Who bore the same!
His stretchèd sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best, to celebrate this most high day!

Rev. George Herbert.

Consort both Heart and Lute! and twist a Song
Pleasant and long!
Or (since all Music is but Three Parts.vied
And multiplied)
O, let thy blessed SPIRIT bear a part!
And make up our defects, with His sweet art!

[*EASTER. THE SECOND POEM.*]

I GOT me flowers, to straw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree!
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee!

The sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume:
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising; they presume!

Can there be any day but this;
•Though many suns, to shine endeavour!
We count three hundred; but we miss!
There is but one; and that one ever!

Rev. George Herbert.

LOVE.

Love bade me welcome! yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love (observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in)
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
 ‘If I lacked any thing?’

‘A guest,’ I answered, ‘worthy to be here!’
 Love said, ‘You shall be he!’
‘I! the unkind! ungrateful! Ah! my dear,
 I cannot look on Thee!’
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
 ‘Who made the eyes but I!’

‘Truth, LORD! But I have marred them! Let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve!’
‘And know you not,’ says Love, ‘who bore the blame!’
 ‘My dear, then I will serve!’
‘You must sit down,’ says Love, ‘and taste my meat!’
 So I did sit and eat.

THE QUIP.

THE merry World did, on a day,
 With his Train Bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay;
 And all in sport to jeer at me!

Rev. George Herbert.

First, Beauty crept into a rose :

Which, when I plucked not, 'Sir!', said she,
'Tell me, I pray, Whose hands **are** those?'

But thou shalt answer, LORD, for me!

Then Money came, and chinking still,

'What tune is this? poor man!' said he.
'I heard, in music you had skill.'

But thou shalt answer, LORD, for me!

Then came brave Glory puffing by

In silks that whistled. Who but he!
He scarce allowed me half an eye!

But thou shalt answer, LORD, for me!

Then came Quick Wit and Conversation,

And he would needs a comfort be;
And, to be short, make an oration!

But thou shalt answer, LORD, for me!

Yet when the hour of thy design

To answer these Fine Things shall come;
Speak not at large! Say, I am thine!

And then, they have their answer home!

Samuel Rowley.

O, SORROW! Sorrow! say, Where dost thou dwell?
In the lowest room of Hell.

Art thou born of human race?
No! no! I have a Furier face!

Art thou in City, Town, or Court?
I, to every place resort!

O, why into the world is Sorrow sent?
Men afflicted, best repent!

What dost thou feed on?
Broken sleep.

What tak'st thou pleasure in?
To weep,
To sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan,
To wring my hands, to sit alone.

O, when, O, when shall Sorrow quiet have?
Never! never! never! never!
Never till she finds a grave!

Hon. Thomas Cary.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LOVER AND HIS MISTRESS.

LOVER. TELL me, EUTRESIA! since my fate,
And thy more powerful form, decree
My heart an Immolation at thy Shrine;
Where it is ever to incline:
How I must love? and at what rate,
And by what steps, and what degrees,
I shall my hopes enlarge; and my desires
confine?

MISTRESS. First, when thy flames begin;
See, they burn all within!
And so, as lookers-on may not descry
Smoke in a sigh; or sparkles in an eye!
I'd have thy love a good while there,
Ere thine own heart had been aware!
And I, myself, would choose to know it
First, by thy care and cunning not to show it!

LOVER. When my flame, thine own way, is thus betrayed;
Must it be still afraid?
May it not be sharp-sighted too, as well;
And know thou know'st, that which it dares not tell'
And, by that knowledge, find it may
Tell itself o'er a louder way!

Hon. Thomas Cary.

MISTRESS. Let me alone a while !
For so thou mayst beguile
My heart to a consent,
' Long ere it meant !
For whilst I dare not disapprove,
Lest that betray a knowledge of thy love ;
I shall be so accustomed to allow,
That I shall not know how
To be displeased, when thou shalt it avow !

LOVER. When, by love's powerful secret sympathy,
Our souls are got thus nigh ;
And that, by one another seen,
There needs no breath to go between :
Though, in the main agreement of our breasts,
Our Hearts subscribe as Interests ;
Will it not need
The tongue's sign too ? as Witness to the deed.

MISTRESS. Speak then ! But when you tell the tale
Of what you ail ;
Let it be so disordered, that I may
Guess only thence, what you would say.
Then, to speak sense
Were an offence !
And 'twill thy Passion tell the subtlest way ;
Not to know what to say !

Hon. Thomas Cary.

FAREWELL, my Saint! Let not the Seas and Wind
Swell like the eyes and hearts you leave behind!
But, smooth and gentle as the looks you bear,
Smile in your face, and whisper in your ear!
May no bold billow venture to arise,
That it may nearer gaze upon your eyes!
Lest Wind and Waves, enamoured of your form,
Should crowd and throng themselves into a storm.

But if it be your fate, vast Seas! to love;
Of my becalmèd breast, learn how to move!
Move then, but in a gentle Lover's pace;
No wrinkle, nor no furrow, in your face!

And you, fierce Winds! see that you tell your tale
In such a breath, as may but fill her sail!

So, whilst you court her, each your several way,
You may her safely to her port convey!
And lose her, by the noblest way of wooing,
Whilst both contribute to your own undoing.

James Shirley.

TO ODELIA.

HEALTH to my fair ODELIA ! Some that know
How many months are past
Since I beheld thy lovely brow,
Would count an Age at least !
But unto me,
Whose thoughts are still on thee,
I vow
By thy black eyes ! 'tis but an hour ago !

That Mistress I pronounce but poor in bliss !
That, when her Servant parts,
Gives not as much with her last kiss
As will maintain two hearts
Till both do meet
To taste what else is sweet !
Is 't fit
Time measure Love ! or our Affection, it ?

Cherish that heart, ODELIA ! That is mine !
And if the North thou fear ;
Dispatch but from thy southern clime
A sigh, to warm thine here !
But be so kind
To send, by the next wind !
'Tis far ;
And many accidents do wait on war !

UPON HIS MISTRESS DANCING.

I STOOD, and saw my Mistress dance,
Silent, and with so fixed an eye,
Some might suppose me in a trance.
But being askèd, Why?
By one that knew I was in love;
I could not but impart
My wonder, to behold her move
So nimbly, with a marble heart!

*A GENTLEMAN IN LOVE WITH
TWO LADIES.*

'IF LOVE, his arrows shoot so fast;
Soon his feathered stock will waste!'
But I mistake in thinking so.
LOVE's arrows, in his quiver grow!
And it appears too true in me,
CUPID wants no artillery!
Two shafts feed upon my breast,
Make it a mark for all the rest!
Kill me with love, thou angry son
Of CYTHIEREA; or let one,
But one, sharp golden arrow fly
To wound her heart! for whom I die.
CUPID! if thou be'st a child,
Be no god; or be more mild!

James Shirley.

LOVE'S HUE AND CRY.

IN LOVE's name, you are charged! O, fly,
And make a speedy Hue and Cry
After a face; which, t'other day,
Stole my wand'ring heart away!

To direct you, take, in brief,
These few marks to know the Thief!

Her Hair, a net of beams, would prove
Strong enough to imprison Jove
Dressed in his eagle's shape! Her Brow
Is a spacious field of snow!
Her Eyes so rich, so pure, a gray;
Every look creates a day;
And if they close themselves (not when
The sun doth set!), 'tis night again!
In her Cheeks, are to be seen,
Of flowers both the King and Queen;
Thither by all the Graces led,
And smiling in their nuptial bed:
On whom, like pretty Nymphs, do wait
Her twin-born Lips; whose virgin state
They do deplore themselves! nor miss
To blush, so often as they kiss
Without a man! Beside the rest;
You shall know this Felon best
By her Tongue! For when your ear

James Shirley.

Once a harmony shall hear
So ravishing, you do not know
Whether you be in heaven, or no ; •
That, that, is She ! O, straight surprise ;
And bring her unto LOVE's Assize !

But lose no time ! for fear that She
Ruin all mankind, like me !
Fate and Philosophy control ;
And leave the World without a soul !

TO HIS MISTRESS.

I WOULD the God of Love would die ;
And give his bows and shafts to me !

I ask no other legacy !
This happy fate I then would prove ;
That, since thy heart I cannot move,
I'd cure, and kill, my own with love !

Yet why should I so cruel be,
To kill myself with loving thee ?

And thou a tyrant still to me !
Perhaps, couldst thou affection shew
To me, I should not love thee so ;
And that would be my med'cine too !

James Shirley.

Then, choose to love me ; or deny !
I will not be so fond to die,
 'A martyr to thy cruelty !
If thou be'st weary of me ; when
Thou art so wise to love again,
Command ! and I'll forsake thee then !

IO !

You, Virgins, that did late despair
 To keep your wealth from cruel men,
Tie up in silk your careless hair !
 Soft Peace is come again !

Now Lovers' eyes may gently shoot
 A flame that would not kill !
The drum was angry ; but the lute
 Shall whisper what you will !

Sing 'Io ! Io !' for his sake,
 Who hath restored your drooping heads
With choice of sweetest flowers, make
 A garden where he treads !

Whilst we whole groves of laurel bring,
 A petty triumph to his brow ;
Who is the master of our Spring,
 And all the bloom we owe [*own*] !

James Shirley.

*TO ONE THAT SAID,
HIS MISTRESS WAS OLD.*

TELL me not, Time hath played the thief
Upon her beauty! My belief
Might have been mocked; and I had been
A heretic, if I had not seen
My Mistress is still fair to me!

And now I all those graces see,
That did adorn her virgin Brow!
Hèr Eye hath the same flame in 't now,
To kill, or save! The chemist's fire
Equally burns; so my desire!
Not any rosebud less within
Her Cheek! The same snow on her Chin!
Her Voice, that heavenly music bears,
First charmed my soul; and in my ears
Did leave it trembling! Her Lips are
The selfsame lovely twins they were!

After so many years, I miss
No flower in all my Paradise!
Time! I despise thy rage, and thee!
Thieves do not always thrive, I see!

William He

*TO ROSES,
IN THE BOSOM OF CASTARA.*

YE blushing Virgins happy are
In the chaste nunn'ry of her breasts!
For he'd profane so chaste a Fair,
Whoe'er should call them, CUPID'S nests.

Transplanted thus, how bright ye grow!
How rich a perfume do ye yield!
In some close garden, Cowslips so
Are sweeter than i' th' open field.

In those white cloisters, live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath!
Each hour more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which, living, gave you room,
Your glorious sepulchre shall be!
There wants no marble for a tomb;
Whose breast hath marble been to me!

W. Habington.

*A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN HOPE AND FEAR.*

FEAR. CHECK thy forward thoughts! and know
HYMEN only joins their hands,
Who, with even paces go,
She, in gold; He, rich in lands!

HOPE. But CASTARA's purer fire,
When it meets a noble flame,
Shuns the smoke of such desire!
Joins with love, and burns the same.

FEAR. Yet, obedience must prevail!
They who o'er her actions sway,
Would have her in th' Ocean sail;
And condemn thy Narrow Sea!

HOPE. Parents' laws must bear no weight,
When they happiness prevent!
But our sea is not so strait;
But it room hath for Content!

FEAR. Thousand hearts, as victims, stand
At the altar of her eyes!
And will partial She command
Only thine for sacrifice?

William Habington.

HOPE. Thousand victims must return!
She, the purest will design.
Choose, CASTARA! which shall burn?
Choose the purest, that is, mine!

TO CUPID.

UPON A DIMPLE IN CASTARA'S CHEEK.

NIMBLE Boy! in thy warm flight,
What cold tyrant dimmed thy sight?
Hadst thou eyes, to see my Fair,
Thou wouldst sigh thyself to air!
Fearing to create this one,
Nature had herself undone!

But if you, when this you hear,
Fall down, murdered through your ear,
Beg of Jove, that you may have,
In her cheek, a dimpled grave!
Lily, rose, and violet,
Shall the perfumed hearse beset;
While a beauteous sheet of lawn,
O'er the wanton corpse is drawn:
And all Lovers use this breath,
'Here lies CUPID, blest in death!'

William Habington.

*UPON CUPID'S DEATH; AND BURIAL
IN CASTARA'S CHEEK.*

CUPID 's dead! Who would not die
To b' interred so near her eye!
Who would fear the sword, to have
Such an alabaster grave!
O'er which two bright tapers burn,
To give light to the beauteous urn.

At the first, CASTARA smiled,
Thinking CUPID her beguiled,
Only counterfeiting death:
But when she perceived his breath
Quite expired, the mournful Girl,
To entomb the Boy in pearl,
Wept so long, till piteous JOVE,
From the ashes of this LOVE,
Made ten thousand CUPIDS rise;
But confined them to her eyes:
Where they yet, to show they lack
No due sorrow, still wear black!

But the blacks so glorious are,
Which they mourn in, that the fair
Quire of stars look pale and fret;
Seeing themselves outshined by jet.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

LIKE the violet, which alone
Prosper in some happy shade,
My CASTARA lives unknown !
To no looser eye betrayed.
For she 's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such her beauty, as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace ;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood !
She is noblest, being good !

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant !
Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit :
In her silence, eloquent !
Of herself survey she takes ;
But 'tween men no difference makes !

She obeys, with speedy will,
Her grave parents' wise commands.
And 'so innocent ! that ill
She nor acts, nor understands !
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

William Habington.

She sails by that rock, the Court ;
Where, oft, Honour splits her mast :
And Retiredness thinks the port, .
Where her fame may anchor cast.
Virtue safely cannot sit, .
Where Vice is enthroned for Wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where Sin waits not on Delight.
Without Mask, or Ball, or Feast ;
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust,
Prayer and Sleep oft govern Lust.

She, her throne makes Reason climb ;
While wild Passions captive lie ;
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to Heaven fly !
All her vows religious be ;
And her love, she vows to me !

William Habington.

TO MY NOBLEST FRIEND, I. C., ESQUIRE.

SIR,

I hate the Country's dirt and manners; yet
I love the silence. I embrace the wit
And Courtship flowing here, in a full tide;
But loathe the expense, the vanity, and pride.
No place, each way, is happy! Here, I hold
Commerce with some who to my ear unfold,
After a due oath ministered, the height
And greatness of each Star shines in the State,
The brightness, the eclipse, the influence.

With others I commune, who tell me, Whence
The torrent doth of foreign discord flow;
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
Soon as they happen; and by rote can tell
Those German towns, even puzzle me to spell!
The cross, or prosperous, fate of Princes, they
Ascribe to rashness, cunning, or delay;
And on each action, comment with more skill
Than upon LIVY did old MACHIAVILL.

O, busy folly! Why do I my brain
Perplex with the dull policies of Spain;
Or quick designs of France? Why not repair
To the pure innocence o' th' country air;
And neighbour thee, my friend! who so dost give
Thy thoughts to worth and virtue, that to live

William Habington.

Blest, is to trace thy ways! There, might not we
Arm against Passion with Philosophy;
And, by the aid of leisure, so control
Whate'er is earth in us, to grow all soul!

Knowledge doth ignorance ingender, when
We study the mysteries of other men
And foreign plots. Do but, in thy own shade,
(Thy head upon some flow'ry pillow laid,
Kind Nature's housewifery!) contemplate all
His stratagems, who labours to intral
The World to his great Master: and you'll find
Ambition mocks itself, and grasps the wind!
Not conquest makes us great! Blood is too dear
A price for Glory. Honour doth appear
To Statesmen, like a vision in the night;
And, juggler-like, works o' th' deluded sight.

Th' unbusied, only wise! For no respect
Endangers them to error. They affect
Truth in her naked beauty; and behold
Man with an equal eye: not bright in gold,
Or tall in title. So much him they weigh,
As Virtue raiseth him above his clay.

Thus, let us value things! And since we find
Time bends us towards Death, let 's, in our mind,
Create new Youth; and arm against the rude
Assaults of Age! that no dull solitude
O' th' Country dead our thoughts; nor busy care
O' th' Town make us not think, Where now we are?
And Whither we are bound? Time ne'er forgot
His journey; though his steps we numbered not!

A SONG

ON TOM KILLIGREW AND WILL. MURRAY.

TOM and WILL. were Shepherds twain,
Who lived and loved together;
Till fair PASTORA crossed the plain,
Alack! why came she thither?
PASTORA's fair and lovely locks
Set both their hearts on fire;
Although they did divide their flocks,
They had but one desire!

TOM came of a Gentile race,
By father and by mother;
WILL. was noble; but, alas,
He was a younger brother!
Neither of them, no huntsman was,
No fisher, nor no fowler:
Tom was styled, the prop'rer Lad;
But WILL., the better Bowler.

TOM would drink her Health, ¹¹¹and swear,
The nation could not want her !
WILL. would take her, by the ear ;
And with his voice enchant her.
TOM was always in her sight,
And ne'er forgot his duty ;
WILL. was witty, and could write
Sweet Sonnets on her beauty.

Which of them, she lovèd most,
Or whether she loved either ;
'Twas thought, they found it to their cost,
That she indeed loved neither.
And yet she was so sweet a She,
So comely of behaviour,
That TOM thought He, and WILL. thought He,
Was greatest in her favour.

PASTORA was a beauteous Lass,
Of charming sprightly nature ;
Divinely good and kind she was,
And smiled on every creature.
Of favours she was provident ;
But yet not over-sparing !
She gave no loose encouragement ;
Yet kept men from despairing !

Sidney Godolphin.

Now flying Fame had made report
Of fair PASTORA's beauty,
That she must needs unto the Court,
There to perform her duty.
Unto the Court, PASTORA 's gone;
(It were no Court without her!)
The Queen herself, with all her Train,
Had none so fair about her.

TOM hung his dog; and flung away
His sheephook and his wallet;
WILL. broke his pipes; and cursed the day
That e'er he made a Ballet.
Their Nine-pins and their Bowls they broke;
Their tunes were turned to tears.
'Tis time for me to make an end:
Let them go shake their ears!

MADAM, 'tis true your beauties move
My heart to a respect;
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect!

I 'neither love; nor yet am free!
For though the flame, I find,
Be not intense in the degree;
'Tis of the purest kind!

Sidney Godolphin.

It little wants of love, but pain!
Your beauties take my sense;
And lest you should that prick disdain,
My thoughts feel th' influence.

'Tis not a Passion's first access,
Ready to multiply;
But like Love's calmest state it is,
Possessed with victory.

It is like Love, to Truth reduced;
All the false values gone,
Which were created and induced
By fond Imagination.

'Tis either Fancy, or 'tis Fate,
To love you more than I!
I love you, at your beauties' rate;
Less were an injury!

Like unstamped gold, I weigh each grace;
So that you may collect
Th' intrinsic value of your face
Safely from my respect!

And this respect could merit love;
Were not so fair a sight
Payment enough! For who dares move
Reward for his delight!

Anonymous.

A QUESTION.

I ASK thee, Whence those ashes were,
Which shrine themselves in plaits of hair?
Unknown to me; sure, each morn, dies
A Phœnix, for a sacrifice!

I ask, Whence are those Airs, that fly
From birds in sweetest harmony?
Unknown to me; but, sure, the choice
Of accents echoed from her voice!

I ask thee, Whence those active fires
Take light, which glide through burnished air?
Unknown to me; unless there flies
A flash of lightning from her eyes.

I ask thee, Whence those ruddy blooms
Pierce on her cheeks on scarlet gowns?
Unknown to me; sure, that which flies
From fading roses, her cheek dyes!

I'll ask thee of the lily, Whence
It gained that type of innocence?
Unknown to me; sure, Nature's deck
Was ravished from her snowy neck!

Thomas Carew.

Ask me no more, Where Jove bestows
When June is past, the fading rose?
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep!

Ask me no more, Whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day?
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair!

Ask me no more, Whither do haste
The nightingale, when May is past?
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters; and keeps warm her note!

Ask me no more, Where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night?
For in your eyes they sit; and there
Fixèd become, as in their Sphere!

Ask me no more, If East, or West,
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest?
For unto you at last she flies;
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

THE SPRING.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream:

Thomas Carew.

But the warm sun thaws the benumbèd earth,
And makes it tender; gives a second birth
To the dead swallow; wakes, in the hollow tree,
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble-bee.

Now do a quire of chirping minstrels sing
In triumph, to the world, the youthful Spring!
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May!
Now all things smile! Only my Love doth lower
Nor hath the scalding noonday sun the power
To melt that marble ice; which still doth hold
Her heart congealed, and makes her pity cold.

The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
To the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields: and love no more is made
By the fireside, but in the cooler shade.
AMYNTAS now doth with his CLORIS sleep
Under a sycamore: and all things keep
Time with the season. Only She doth carry
June in her eyes; in her heart, January!

A PRAYER TO THE WIND.

Go, thou gentle whispering Wind!
Bear this sigh! and, if thou find
Where my cruel Fair doth rest,
Cast it in her snowy breast!
So, inflamed by my desire,
It may set her heart afire!

Carew.

Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain!
Boldly light upon her lip!
There, suck odours; and thence skip
To her bosom! Lastly, fall.
Down, and wander over all!

Range about those ivory hills!
From whose every part distils
Amber dew. There, spices grow!
There, pure streams of nectar flow!
There, perfume thyself; and bring
All those sweets upon thy wing!

As thou return'st; change, by thy power,
Every weed into a flower!
Turn each thistle to a vine!
Make the bramble, eglantine!
For so rich a booty made;
Do but this! and I am paid.

Thou canst, with thy powerful blast,
Heat apace; and cool as fast!
Thou canst kindle hidden flame;
And again destroy the same!
Then, for pity, either stir
Up the fire of love in her!
That alike both flames may shine;
Or else quite extinguish mine!

THE PROTESTATION.

No more shall meads be decked with flowers;
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring;
Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
Nor April violets paint the grove:
If I forsake my CELIA's love!

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
The humble oak no flood shall know,
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave:
If e'er my CELIA I deceive!

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And VENUS' doves want wings to fly;
The sun refuse to show his light,
And day shall then be turned to night;
And in that night no star appear:
If once I leave my CELIA dear!

Love shall no more inhabit earth;
Nor Lovers more shall love for worth;
Nor joy above in heaven dwell;
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
Grim Death no more shall horrid prove:
If e'er I leave bright CELIA's love!

Thomas Carew,

CELIA SINGING.

You that think LOVE can convey
 No other way
But through the eyes, into the heart,
 His fatal dart,
Close up those casements! and but hear
 This Siren sing!
 And, on the wing
Of her sweet voice, it shall appear
That LOVE can enter at the ear.

Then unveil your eyes! Behold
 The curious mould
Where that voice dwells! and, as we know,
 When the cocks crow,
 We freely may
 Gaze on the day;
So may you (when the music 's done!)
Awake, and see the rising sun!

MURDERING BEAUTY.

I'LL gaze no more on her bewitching Face!
Since ruin harbours there in every place.
• For, my enchanted soul alike, She drowns,
With calms and tempests of her smiles and frowns.

I'll love no more those cruel Eyes of hers ;
Which, pleased or angered, still are murderers !
For if She dart, like lightning, through the air,
Her beams of wrath, She kills me with despair !
If She behold' me with a pleasing eye,
I surfeit with excess of joy, and die !

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain !
The Torrid, or the Frozen, Zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain ;
The Temperate affords me none !
Either extreme of love, or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate !

Give me a storm ! If it be love ;
Like DANAË, in that golden shower,
I'll swim in pleasure ! If it prove
Disdain ; that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes ! and he 's possessed
' Of Heaven, that 's but from Hell released !
Then crown my joys ; or cure my pain !
Give me more love, or more disdain ! —

BOLDNESS IN LOVE.

MARK, how the bashful Morn in vain
Courts the amorous Marigold,
With sighing blasts and weeping rain!
Yet she refuses to unfold.

But when the Planet of the day
Approacheth, with his powerful ray;
Then, she spreads! then, she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond Boy!
If thy tears and sighs discover
Thy grief; thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold Lover!

But when, with moving accents, thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow;
Thy CELIA shall receive those charms
With open ears; and with unfolded arms!

LIPS AND EYES.

IN CELIA's face, a question did arise,
Which were more beautiful, her Lips, or Eyes?
'We,' said the Eyes, 'send forth those pointed darts,
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts!'

Thomas Carew.

'From us,' replied the Lips, 'proceed those blisses;
Which Lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses.'

Then wept the Eyes; and from their springs did pour
Of liquid oriental pearls a shower;
Whereat the Lips, moved with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweet smile, unlocked their pearly treasure;
And bade LOVE judge, Whether did add more grace,
Weeping, or smiling, pearls, to CELIA's face?

ETERNITY OF LOVE PROTESTED.

How ill doth he deserve a Lover's name!

Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retain

His heat, in spite of absence, or disdain;
But doth, at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire!

True Love can never change his seat!
Nor did he ever love, that could retreat!

That noble flame, which my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive,

When my soul's fled!

Nor shall my love die, when my body's dead!
That shall wait on me to the lower shade;
And never fade!

My very ashes, in their urn,
Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burn! . . .

Thomas Carew.

*IN THE PERSON OF A LADY.
TO HER INCONSTANT SERVANT.*

WHEN, on the altar of my hand,
 Bedewed with many a kiss and tear,
Thy now revolted heart did stand
 A humble martyr; thou didst swear
 Thus, and the God of Love did hear!
 ‘By those bright glances of thine eye;
 Unless thou pity me, I die!’

When first those perjured lips of thine,
 Bepaled with blasting sighs, did seal
Their violated faith on mine;
 From the soft bosom that did heal
 Thee, thou my melting heart didst steal!
 My soul, inflamed with thy false breath,
 Poisoned with kisses, sucked in death!

Yet I, nor hand, nor lip, will move,
 Revenge, or mercy, to procure
From the offended God of Love!
 My curse is fatal! and my pure
 Love shall, beyond thy scorn endure!
 If I implore the Gods; they'll find
 Thee too ingrateful! me, too kind!

Thomas Carew.

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

KNOW, CELIA! (since thou art so proud!)
'Twas I, that gave thee thy renown!
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common Beauties, lived unknown;
Had not my Verse exhaled thy name!
And with it, impeded the wings of Fame!

That killing power is none of thine;
I gave it to thy voice, and eyes!
Thy sweets, thy graces, all, are mine!
Thou art my star! shin'st in my skies!
Then dart not, from thy borrowed Sphere,
Lightning on him, that fixed thee there!

* Tempt me with such affrights no more;
Lest what I made, I uncreate!
Let fools, thy mystic forms adore;
I'll know thee in thy mortal state!
Wise Poets, that wrapped Truth in tales,
Knew her themselves, through all her veils!

Thomas Carew.

TO MY INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

WHEN thou (poor excommunicate
From all the joys of Love!) shalt see
The full reward, and glorious fate,
Which my strong faith shall purchase me;
Then, curse thine own inconstancy!

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
That heart; which thy false oaths did wound!
And to my soul, a soul more pure
Than thine, shall, by Love's hand, be bound!
And both, with equal glory crowned!

Then, shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To Love; as I did once to thee!
When all thy tears shall be as vain
As mine were then! For thou shalt be
Damned for thy false apostasy!

DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy Cheek,
Or a coral Lip admires;
Or from star-like Eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires:
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away!

Thomas Carew.

But a smooth and steadfast Mind,
Gentle Thoughts, and calm Desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires!
Where these are not; I despise
Lovely Cheeks! or Lips! or Eyes!

No tears, CELIA! now, shall win
My resolved heart to return!
I have searched thy soul within,
And find nought but Pride and Scorn.
I have learned thy arts! and, now,
Can disdain as much as thou!
Some Power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her; I cast away!

A DEPOSITION FROM LOVE.

I WAS foretold, Your rebel sex,
Nor love, nor pity, knew;
And with what scorn, you use to vex
Poor hearts that humbly sue:
Yet I believed (to crown our pain!)
Could we the fortress win,

Thomas Carew.

The happy Lover, sure, should gain
A Paradise within!
I thought, Love's Plagues, like Dragons sate,
Only to fright us at the gate!

But I did enter, and enjoy
What happy Lovers prove!
For I could kiss, and sport, and toy;
And taste those sweets of Love:
Which had they but a lasting state;
Or if, in CELIA's breast
The force of love might not abate;
JOVE were too mean a guest!
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts, than did her scorn before!

Hard fate! To have been once possess
As victor, of a heart;
Achieved with labour and unrest:
And then forced to depart!
If the stout foe will not resign,
When I besiege a town;
I lose but what was never mine!
But he that is cast down
From enjoyed beauty, feels a woe
Only deposèd Kings can know!

Thomas Carew.

IN her fair cheeks, two pits do lie,
To bury those slain by her Eye;
So, spite of death, this comforts me,
That fairly buried I shall be!
My grave, with rose and lily spread;
O, 'tis a life, to be so dead!
Come then, and kill me with thy Eye!
For if thou let me live, I die!

When I behold those Lips again,
Reviving what those Eyes have slain,
With Kisses sweet; whose balsam pure
Love's wounds, as soon as made, can cure:
Methinks, 'tis sickness to be sound!
And there 's no health, to such a wound!
Come then, and kill me with thy Eye! &c.

When in her chaste Breast, I behold
Those downy mounts of snow ne'er cold,
And those blest hearts, her beauty kills,
Revived by climbing those fair hills:
Methinks, there 's life in such a death!
And so t' expire, inspires new breath!
Come then, and kill me with thy Eye! &c.

Thomas Carew.

Nymph! since no death is deadly, where
Such choice of antidotes is near;
And your keen Eyes but kill in vain
Those that are sound, as soon as slain :.
That I, no longer dead, survive;
Your way 's to bury me alive
In CUPID'S Cave! where, happy I!
May dying, live; and living, die!
Come then, and kill me with thy Eye! &c.

CONQUEST. BY FLIGHT.

LADIES! fly from Love's smooth tale!
Oaths, steeped in tears, do oft prevail!
Grief is infectious; and the air
Enflamed with sighs, will blast the Fair!
Then stop your ears, when Lovers cry!
Lest yourself weep, when no soft eye
Shall, with a sorrowing tear, repay
That pity; which you cast away!

Young Men, fly! when Beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts.
The fixed mark gives the shooter aim;
And Ladies' looks have power to maim!
Now, 'twixt their lips; now, in their eyes;
Wrapped in a smile, or kiss, Love lies.
Then, fly betimes! For only they
Conquer Love, that run away! .

Martin Parker.

TIME'S ALTERATION;

OR,

*THE OLD MAN'S REHEARSAL WHAT BRAVE DAYS HE KNEW
A GREAT WHILE AGONE, WHEN HIS OLD CAP WAS NEW.*

WHEN this Old Cap was new,
 'Tis since two hundred years,
No malice then we knew;
 But all things plenty were.
All friendship now decays
 (Believe me, this is true!)
Which was not, in those days,
 When this Old Cap was new.

The Nobles of our land
 Were much delighted then
To have at their command
 A crew of lusty men;
Which by their coats were known
 Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
 When this Old Cap was new.

Now pride hath banished all,
 Unto our land's reproach,
When he, whose means are small,
 • Maintains both horse and coach.

Martin Parker.

Instead of a hundred men,
The coach allows but two ;
This was not thought on then,
When this Old Cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherished then of many ;
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not helped by any.
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few ;
This was not, in time of old,
When this Old Cap was new.

Where'er you travelled then,
You might meet on the way,
Brave Knights and Gentlemen
Clad in their Country Gray,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you.
No Puritans then were ;
When this Old Cap was new.

Our Ladies, in those days,
In civil habit went ;
Broad Cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content.
French fashions then were scorned ;
Fond fangles then none knew !
Then, modesty women adorned ;
When this Old Cap was new.

Martin Parker.

A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold;
And meat for great and small.
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true;
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this Old Cap was new.

Black jacks, to every man,
Were filled with wine and beer;
No pewter pot, nor can,
In those days did appear.
Good cheer in a Nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly shew;
We wanted no brawn, nor souse,
When this Old Cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine;
None under the degree of Knight,
In plate, drank beer, or wine!
Now, each mechanical man
Hath a Cupboard of Plate for a shew;
Which was a rare thing then,
When this Old Cap was new.

Then, bribery was unborn,
No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devised amongst the Jews.

Martin Parker.

Then, Lawyers to be feed
At that time hardly knew;
For man with man agreed,
When this Old Cap was new.

No Captain then caroused;
Nor spent poor soldier's pay.
They were not so abused
As they are at this day [*i.e. about 1635*]
Of seven days they made eight,
To keep them from their due;
Poor soldiers had their right,
When this Old Cap was new.

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then, in fight,
Did foreign foes subdue;
And forced them all to flight,
When this Old Cap was new.

GOD save our gracious King;
And send him long to live!
LORD! mischief on them bring,
That will not their alms give;
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due!
This was not, in time of yore,
When this Old Cap was new.

Thomas Randolph.

*AN ODE TO MASTER ANTHONY STAFFORD,
TO HASTEN HIM INTO THE COUNTRY*

COME, spur away!
I have no patience for a longer stay;
But must go down,
And leave the chargeable noise of this great Town!
I will the Country see;
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in gray,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery, in plush and scarlet clad!
Farewell, you City Wits! that are
Almost at civil war! [mad.
'Tis time that I grow wise! when all the World grows

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise;
Or to make sport
For some slight Puisne of the Inns of Court!
Then, worthy STAFFORD! say,
How shall we spend the day?
With what delights
Shorten the nights?
When from this tumult we are got secure,
Where Mirth, with all her freedom, goes;
Yet shall no finger lose!
Where every word is thought; and every thought is pure!

Thomas Randolph.

There, from the tree,
We'll cherries pluck; and pick the strawberry!
And every day !
Go see the wholesome Country Girls make hay,
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can show!
Where I had rather gain a kiss, than meet
(Though some of them, in greater State,
Might court my love with plate!) [street!
The Beauties of the Cheap, and Wives of Lombard

But think upon
Some other pleasures! These, to me are none!
Why do I prate
Of women; that are things against my fate!
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed!
My Muse is she,
My Love shall be!
Let clowns get wealth, and heirs! When I am gone,
And that great bugbear, grisly Death!
Shall take this idle breath;
If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my son!

Thomas Randolph.

Give this, no more!
We'll rather taste the bright POMONA's store!
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape!
Then, full, we'll seek a shade;
And hear what music 's made!
How PHILOMEL
Her tale doth tell;
And how the other birds do fill the quire!
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,
Warbling melodious notes!
We will all sports enjoy; which others but desire!

Ours is the sky!
Where, at what fowl we please, our hawk shall fly!
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox, or timorous hare!
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'll choose!
The buck shall fall,
The stag, and all!
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be!
For, to my Muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free!
Heaven, Earth, are all but parts of her great royalty!

Thomas Randolph.

And when we mean
To taste of BACCHUS' blessings, now and then ;
And drink, by stealth,
A cup or two, to noble BARKLEY's health :
I'll take my pipe, and try
The Phrygian melody !
Which he that hears,
Lets, through his ears,
A madness, to distemper all the brain !
Then, I another pipe will take,
And Doric music make,
To civilize, with graver notes, our wits again !

A PARLEY WITH HIS EMPTY PURSE.

PURSE ! who'll not know, you have a Poet's been ;
When he shall look, and find no gold therein !
What respect, think you ! will there now be shown
To this foul nest, when all the birds are flown ?
Unnatural vacuum ! Can your emptiness
Answer to some slight questions ? such as these :
*How shall my debts be paid ? or, Can my scores
Be cleared with verses to my creditors ?*
Hexameter 's no sterling ; and I fear
What the brain coins goes scarce for current there !
*Can metre cancel bonds ? Is [t]here a time
Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme ?*

Thomas Randolph.

Or, if I now were hurrying to the jail,
Are the nine Muses held sufficient bail?

Would they to any Composition come;
If we should mortgage our Elysium,
Tempe, Parnassus, and the golden streams
Of Tagus and Pactolus? those rich dreams
Of active fancy! Can our ORPHEUS move
Those rocks and stones, with his best strains of love?
Should I, like HOMER, sing in lofty tones
To them, ACHILLES and his Myrmidons!
HECTOR and AJAX are but Sergeants' names!
They relish bay-salt 'bove the Epigrams
Of the most seasoned brain! nor will they be
Content with Ode; or paid with Elegy!

Muse, burn thy bays; and thy fond quill resign!
One cross of theirs is worth whole books of mine!
Of all the treasure which the Poets hold;
There's none at all they weigh, except our gold!
And mine's returned to the Indies; and hath sworn
Never to visit this cold climate more!

Then crack your strings, good Purse! for you need
none!
Gape on! (as they do, to be paid!) gape on!

Thomas Randolph.

*ON THE FALL OF THE 'MITRE' TAVERN,
IN CAMBRIDGE.*

LAMENT! lament! you Scholars all!
Each wear his blackest gown!
The *Mitre*, that upheld your wits,
Is now itself fall'n down!

The dismal fire on London Bridge
Can move no heart of mine!
For that but o'er the water stood;
But this stood o'er the wine!

It needs must melt each Christian's heart,
That this sad news but hears;
To think how the good hogsheads wept
Good Sack, and Claret, tears!

The zealous Students of that place
Change of Religion fear!
That this mischance may soon bring in
The Heresy of Beer!

Thomas Randolph.

Unhappy *Mitre*! I would know
The cause of thy sad hap?
Was, it for making legs too low
To PEMBROKE's Cardinal's Cap?

.

Then, know thyself; and cringe no more!
Since Popery went down,
That Cap should vail to thee! for now
The *Mitre* 's next the Crown!

Or was 't because our company
Did not frequent your cell,
As we were wont, to drown our cares;
Thou foxed thyself, and fell?

No, sure, the Devil was adry;
And caused this fatal blow!
'Twas he that made this cellar sink,
That he might drink below!

And some do say, The Devil did it,
'Cause he would drink up all!
I rather think, The Pope was drunk;
And let his *Mitre* fall!

Poor Commoners! to your disgrace,
Your want of skill acknowledge!
To let a Tavern fall, that stood
O' th' walls of your own College!

Thomas Randolph.

Rose now withers! *Falcon* moults!
White SAM enjoys his wishes!
The *Dolphin* now must cast his crown:
Wine was not made for fishes!

That sign a Tavern best becomes,
To shew who loves it best!
The *Mitre* 's then the only sign!
For 'tis the Scholar's crest!

Thou, SAM, drink Sack; and cheer thyself!
Be not dismayed at all!
For we will drink it up again;
Though we do catch a fall!

We'll be thy workmen, day and night,
In spite of bugbear Proctors!
We drank, like Freshmen all before;
But now we'll drink like Doctors!

Rev. William Strode, D.D.

My Love and I, for kisses played.

She would keep stakes! I was content.
But when I won, She would be paid!

This made me ask her, What She meant?
'Nay, since I see,' quoth She, 'your wrangling vein;
Take your own kisses! and I'll take mine again!'

TO A LADY, PUTTING OFF HER VEIL.

KEEP on your veil, and hide your eye;
For with beholding you, I die!
Your fatal beauty, GORGON-like,
Dead with astonishment will strike!
Your piercing eyes, if them I see,
Are worse than basilisks to me!

Hide from my sight those hills of snow!
Their melting valley do not show!
Those azure paths lead to despair!
O, vex me not! Forbear! Forbear!
For, while I thus in torments dwell,
The sight of Heaven is worse than Hell!

Your dainty voice and warbling breath
Sounds like a sentence passed for death!
Your dangling tresses are become
Like instruments of Final Doom!
O, if an angel torture so;
When life is done, where shall I go?

Rev. William Strode, D.D.

ONCE, VENUS' cheeks, that shamed the Morn,
Their hue let fall!
Her lips, that Winter' had out-borne,
In June, looked pale!
Her heat grew cold! her nectar, dry!
No juice she had, but in her eye,
The wonted fire and flames to mortify.
When was this so dismal sight?
When ADONIS bade 'Good-night!'

THE ANSWER

[*To J. FLETCHER'S SONG COMMENCING ON PAGE 66*].

RETURN, my joys! and hither bring
A tongue, not made to speak, but sing!
A jolly spleen, an inward feast!
A causeless laugh, without a jest!
A face, which gladness doth anoint!
An arm, for joy flung out of joint!
A sprightly gait, that leaves no print;
And makes a feather of a flint!
A heart, that 's lighter than the air!
An eye still dancing in its sphere!
Strong mirth, which nothing shall controul!
A body nimbler than a soul!
Free wand'ring thoughts, not tied to muse;
Which, thinking all things, nothing choose!

Which, ere we see them come, are gone!
These, life itself doth feed upon!
Then take no care; 'but only to be jolly!
To be 'more wretched than we must, is folly!

THE COMMENDATION OF MUSIC.

WHEN whispering strains, with creeping wind,
Distil soft Passion through the heart;
And when, at every touch, we find
Our pulses beat, and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heart-string shake!
Philosophy
Cannot deny
Our souls consist of Harmony!

When unto heavenly joys, we feign
Whate'er the soul affecteth most!
Which only thus we can explain,
By music of the Heavenly Host;
Whose Lays, methinks,
Make stars to shrink!
Philosophy
May judge thereby
Our souls consist of Harmony.

Rev. William Strode, D.D.

O, lull me! lull me, charming Air!
My senses rock, with wonder sweet!
Like snow on wool, thy fallings are!
Soft as a Spirit's are thy feet!
Grief, who need fear,
That hath an ear!
Down let him lie,
And, slumb'ring, die;
And change his soul for Harmony!

COME, heavy souls, oppressèd with the weight
Of crimes, or pangs, or want of your delight!
Come down in Lethe's sleepy lake;
Whatever makes you ache!
Drink Healths from poisoned bowls!
Breathe out your cares, together with your souls!
Cool Death 's a salve,
Which all may have!
There 's no distinction in the grave!
Lay down your loads before Death's iron door;
Sigh, and sigh out! Groan once, and groan no more!

Anonymous.

NIGHT'S SONG.

IN wet and cloudy mists, I slowly rise,
As with mine own dull weight oppress,
To close with sleep the jealous Lovers' eyes ;
And give forsaken Virgins rest.

Th' advent'rous Merchant and the Mariner,
Whom storms all day vex in the deep,
Begin to trust the winds, when I appear ;
And lose their dangers in their sleep.

The studious, that consume their brains and sight
In search where doubtful knowledge lies,
Grow weary of their fruitless use of light ;
And wish my shades, to ease their eyes.

Th' ambitious toiling Statesman, that prepares
Great mischiefs ere the day begins,
Not measures day, by hours ; but by his cares :
And night must intermit his sins !

Then why, when my slow chariot used to climb,
Did old mistaking Sages weep ?
As if my empire did usurp their time ;
And hours were lost, when spent in sleep !

I come to ease their labours ; and prevent
That weariness which would destroy !
The profit of their toils is still misspent,
Till rest enables to enjoy !

William Cartwright.

LESBIA, ON HER SPARROW.

TELL me not of joy! There 's none;
Now my little Sparrow 's gone!

He, just as you,
Would toy and woo!

He would chirp and flatter me!

He would hang the wing a while

Till, at length, he saw me smile.

Lord! how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb; and then,
Sporting, let it go again!

He, from my lip,
Would moisture sip!

He would from my trencher feed;

Then would hop, and then would run,

And cry 'Philip!' when h' had done!

O, whose heart can choose but bleed!

O, how eager would he fight!

And ne'er hurt; though he did bite!

No morn did pass

But, on my Glass,

He would sit; and mark, and do

What I did. Now ruffle all

' His feathers o'er; now let 'em fall!

And then straightway sleek them too!

William Cartwright.

Whence will CUPID get his darts
Feathered now, to pierce our hearts ?
 • A wound he may,
 Not love, convey ;
Now this faithful bird is gone !
 O, let mournful Turtles join
 With loving Redbreasts ; and combine
To sing Dirges o'er his stone !

TO VENUS.

VENUS ! redress a wrong that 's done
By that young sprightly boy, thy son !
He wounds ; and then laughs at the sore !
Hatred itself can do no more !
If I pursue, he 's small and light ;
Both seen at once, and out of sight !
If I do fly, he 's winged ; and then,
At the third step, I'm caught again !
Lest, one day, thou thyself mayst suffer so ;
Or clip the Wanton's wings, or break his bow !

TO CHLOE ;

WHO WISHED HERSELF YOUNG ENOUGH FOR ME.

CHLOE ! why wish you, That your years
Would backwards run till they meet mine,
That perfect likeness (which endears
Things unto things) might us combine ?
 • Our ages so in date agree, ' '
 That twins do differ more than we !

William Cartwright.

There are two births. The one, when light
First strikes the new awakened sense :
The other, when two souls unite ;
And we must count our life from thence !
When you loved me, and I loved you ;
Then both of us were born anew !

LOVE then to us did new souls give ;
And, in those souls, did plant new powers !
Since when, another life we live !
The breath we breathe is his ; not ours ! [chill ;
LOVE makes those young, whom Age doth
And whom he finds young, keeps young still !

LOVE (like that Angel that shall call
Our bodies from the silent grave)
Unto one age doth raise us all !
None too much, none too little, have !
Nay, that the difference may be none ;
He makes two, not *alike*, but *one* !

And now, since you and I are such,
Tell me, What 's yours ? and, What is mine ?
Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,
Do, like our souls, in one combine !
So, by this, I as well may be
Too old for you ; as you, for me !

William Cartwright.

NO DRAWING OF VALENTINES.

CAST not in CHLOE'S name among
The common undistinguished throng!
I'll neither so advance
The foolish reign of Chance;
Nor so depress the throne,
Whereon LOVE sits alone!
If I must serve my Passions; I'll not owe
Them to my fortune! Ere I love; I'll know!

Tell me, What God lurks in the lap,
To make that Counsel, we call Hap?
What Power conveys the name?
Who to it, adds the flame?
Can he raise mutual fires;
And answering desires?
None can assure me, that I shall approve
Her whom I draw; or draw her, whom I love!

No longer then, this Feast abuse!
Ye choose and like! I like and choose!
My flame is tried and just!
Yours taken up on trust!
Hail! thus, blest VALENTINE!
And may my CHLOE shine
To me; and none but me! as I believe.
We ought to make the whole year but thy Eve.

William Cartwright.

*UPON THE DRAMATIC POEMS OF
MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.*

FLETCHER! though some call it thy fault, that wit
So overflowed thy Scenes, that, ere 'twas fit
To come upon the Stage, BEAUMONT was fain
To bid thee be more dull! that 's, write again,
And 'bate some of thy fire; which from thee came
In a clear, bright, full, but too large, a flame:
And, after all (finding thy genius such,
That, blunted and allayed, 'twas yet too much!)
Added his sober sponge; and did contract
Thy plenty to less wit, to make 't exact.

Yet we, through his corrections, could see
Much treasure in thy superfluity,
Which was so filed away: as when we do
Cut jewels; that that 's lost, is jewel too!
Or as men used to wash gold; which we know,
By losing, makes the stream thence wealthy grow.

They who do on thy Works severely sit,
And call thy store, The Over-births of Wit!
Say, Thy miscarriages were rare! and when
Thou wert superfluous, that thy fruitful pen
Had no fault but abundance; which did lay
Out in one Scene what might well serve a Play:
And hence do grant, That what they call excess,
Was to be reckoned as thy happiness;
From whom wit issued in a full Spring tide:
Much did enrich the Stage! much flowed beside!

• For that thou couldst thine own free fancy bind
In stricter Numbers; and run so confined

William Cartwright.

As to observe the Rules of Art, which sway
In the contrivance of a true-born Play,
These Works proclaim, which thou didst write retired
From BEAUMONT ; by none but thyself inspired !

Where we see, 'twas not Chance that made them hit ;
Nor were thy Plays the Lotteries of Wit !
But (like to DURER's pencil ; which first knew
The laws of faces, and then faces drew !)
Thou know'st the Air, the colour, and the place,
The symmetry, which give the Poem grace !
Parts are so fitted unto Parts, as do
Shew thou hadst wit and mathematics too !
Knew'st, where by line to spare, where to dispense ;
And didst beget just Comedies from thence !
Things unto which, thou didst such life bequeath ;
That they (their own Black Friars !), unacted, breathe !

JONSON hath writ things lasting and divine ;
Yet his Love Scenes, FLETCHER ! compared to thine,
Are cold and frosty ! and express Love so
As heat, with ice ; or warm fires mixed with snow !
Thou (as if struck with the same generous darts,
Which burn, and reign, in noble Lovers' hearts !)
Hast clothed Affections in such native 'tires ;
And so described them in their own true fires !
Such moving sighs ! such undissembled tears !
Such charms of language ! such hopes mixed with
fears !

Such grants, after denials ! such pursuits,
After despair ! such amorous recruits !
That some who sat spectators have confessed
Themselves transformed to what they saw expressed ;
And felt such shafts steal through their captived sense,
As made them rise Parts, and go Lovers thence.

William Cartwright.

Nor was thy style wholly composed of groves ;
Or the soft strains of Shepherds and their Loves !
When thou wouldst comic be, each smiling birth
In that kind, came into the world all mirth !
All point ! all edge ! all sharpness ! We did sit
Sometimes five Acts out, in pure sprightly wit !
Which flowed in such true salt, that we did doubt
In which Scene we laughed most two shillings out !

SHAKESPEARE, to thee, was dull ! whose best jest lies
I' th' Ladies' questions ; and the Fools' replies.
Old-fashioned wit ! which walked from town to town
In turned hose, which our fathers called, The Clown ;
Whose wit our nice Times would obscenity call ;
And which made bawdry pass for comical.
Nature was all his Art ! Thy vein was free
As his ; but without his scurrility !
From whom [i. e. *FLETCHER*], mirth came unforced ! no jest
perplexed ;

But without labour, clean, chaste, and unvexed !

Thou wert not like some, our small, Poets ; who
Could not be Poets, were not we Poets too !
Whose wit is pilf'ring ; and whose vein and wealth
In poetry, lies merely in their stealth !

Nor didst thou feel their drought, their pangs, their qualms,
Their rack in writing, who do write for alms ;
Whose wretched genius and dependent fires,
But to their benefactor's dole aspires !

Nor hadst thou the sly trick, thyself to praise
Under thy friends' names ! or, to purchase bays,
Didst write stale commendations to thy book ;
Which we for BEAUMONT's, or BEN JONSON's, took.
That debt thou left'st to us ! which none but he
Can truly pay, *FLETCHER* ! who writes like thee !

William Cartwright.

A SIGH SENT TO HIS ABSENT LOVE.

I SENT a Sigh unto my Blest One's ear ;
Which lost its way, and never did come there !
I hastened after ; lest some other Fair
Should mildly entertain this travelling air !
Each flow'ry garden I did search, for fear
It might mistake a lily for her ear ;
And having there took lodging, might still dwell
Housed in the concave of a crystal bell.

At last, one frosty morning, I did spy
This subtle Wand'rer journeying in the sky !
At sight of me, it trembled, then drew near ;
Then, grieving, fell, and dropped into a tear.
I bore it to my Saint ! and prayed her take
This new-born offspring, for the Master's sake !

She took it, and preferred it to her ear ;
And now it hears each thing that 's whispered there !
O, how I envy Grief ! when that I see
My sorrow makes a gem, more blest than me !
Yet, little pendant, Porter to the Ear !
Let not my rival have admittance there !
But if, by chance, a mild access he gain ;
Upon her ear inflict a gentle pain ;
Only for admonition ! So when She
Gives ear to him ; at least, She'll think of me !

William Cartwright.

SADNESS.

WHILES I, this standing lake,
Swathed up with yew and cypress boughs,
Do move by sighs and vows;
Let sadness only wake!
That whiles thick darkness blots the light,
My thoughts may cast another night!
In which double shade,
(By heav'n and me made)
O, let me weep;
And fall asleep!
And, forgotten, fade!

Hark! from yond hollow tree
Sadly sing two anchoret owls!
Whiles the hermit wolf howls!
And all bewailing me!
The raven hovers o'er my bier!
The bittern, on a reed, I hear
Pipes my Elegy;
And warns me to die!
Whilst from yond graves
My wronged Love craves
My sad company!

William Cartwright.

‘Cease, HYLAS! cease thy call!
Such, O, such was thy parting groan,
Breathed out to me alone;
When thou, disdained, didst fall!
Lo, thus, unto thy silent tomb,
In my sad winding sheet, I come,
Creeping o’er dead bones
And cold marble stones,
That I may mourn
Over thy urn;
And appease thy groans!

To carve our Loves in myrtle rinds;
And tell our secrets to the woods!
To send our sighs by faithful winds;
And trust our tears unto the floods!
To call, where no man hears;
And think, that rocks have ears!
To walk and rest, and live and die!
And yet not know, Whence? How? or Why?
To have our hopes, with fears still checked;
To credit doubts, and truth suspect!
This, this, is what we may
A Lover’s absence say.
Follies without are Cares within;
Where Eyes do fail, there Souls begin!

William Cartwright.

[*VENUS' COMPLAINT FOR ADONIS.*]

WAKE, my ADONIS! do not die!

One life 's enough for thee and I!

Where are thy words! thy wiles!

Thy loves! thy frowns! thy smiles!

Alas, in vain, I call!

One, Death, hath snatched them all:

Yet Death 's not deadly in that face!

Death, in those looks, itself hath grace!

'Twas this, 'twas this, I feared;

When thy pale ghost appeared!

This, I presaged, when thund'ring Jove

Tore the best myrtle in my grove!

When my sick rosebuds lost their smell;

And from my temples, untouched, fell!

And 'twas for some such thing,

My dove did hang her wing!

Whither art thou, my deity! gone?

VENUS, in VENUS there is none!

In vain, a Goddess now am I;

Only to grieve, and not to die!

But I will love my grief!

Make tears, my tears' relief!

And Sorrow shall to me

A new ADONIS be!

And this, no Fates can rob me of; whiles I

A Goddess am to grieve, and not to die!

Thomas Jordan

*THE COMPLAINT OF AN OLD LADY,
FOR THE LOSS OF HER BEAUTY.*

AGE (Beauty's tyrant!), why dost thou
 Furrow my brow?
With what poison hast thou made
 My lilies fade?
What strange colour is this hair,
 That I wear!
O, for Love's sake, take 't away!
 It is too gray!
In my cheeks, no roses grow,
 Bud, or blow!
But are gone; for ever gone!
 Every one!
In my eyes, no CUPIDS dance,
 To advance
The bravery of appetite
 To delight!

I, to VENUS' shrine will go,
 With my woe;
And declare unto her, all
 My beauty's fall!

Thomas Jordan.

There, complain, that crooked Age;
Full of rage,
Hath, for ever, banishèd
White and red!
So, perhaps, I may obtain
All again;
And disgraceful Age expel
To her cell!

But if not; most sure, I shall,
Ruined, fall!
For when Beauty is away;
All's but clay!
Fickle feature grows but brave
For a grave;
Where the Beauty most replete,
Worms will eat!

Go then, Beauty! Be not seen
But in Virgins at sixteen!
When they are as old as I;
Let their beauty, fading, die!
'Tis an age for to decline
To our graves; not, VENUS' shrine!

Anonymous.

HE, or SHE, that hopes to gain
Love's best sweets, without some pain;
Hopes in vain!
CUPID's livery no one wears,
But must put on Hopes and Fears!
Smiles and Tears!
And, like to April weather,
Rain and shine both together!
Both; or neither!

SWEET Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers, like a Lady bright;
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
'Te whit! Te whoo!'

Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command, the mouse controls;
And sings a dirge for dying souls.
'Te whit! Te whoo!'

AN EPITAPH.

LOVE, Beauty, Valour, when their death drew nigh,
Consulted long, Where they should buried lie?
At length, with one consent, they hastened thither;
And chose this place, to be entombed together.

A VOTE.

LEST the misconstr'ring World should chance to say,
'I durst not, but in secret murmurs pray;

To whisper in JOVE's ear,
How much I wish that funeral;
Or gape at such a Great One's fall!'

This, let all Ages hear!
And future Times, in my soul's picture, see
What I abhor! what I desire to be!

I would not be a Puritan! though he
Can preach two hours, and yet his sermon be

But half a quarter long;
Though from his old mechanic trade,
By vision, he 's a Pastor made;
His faith was grown so strong.

Nay, though he think to gain salvation,
By calling the Pope, the Whore of Babylon!

I would not be a Schoolmaster! though he,
His rods, no less than *fascēs* deems to be;

Though he, in many a place,
Turns *LILLY* oftener than his gowns,
Till, at the last, he makes the Nouns
Fight with the Verbs apace;
Nay, though he can, in a poetic heat,
Figures, born since, out of poor VIRGIL beat.

Abraham Cowley.

I would not be Justice of Peace! though he
Can, with equality, divide the fee;
And stakes with his Clerk draw!
Nay, though he sit upon the Place
Of Judgement, with a learnèd face,
Intricate as the Law;
And whilst he mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks PRISCIAN's head with sentences securely.

I would not be a Courtier! though he
Makes his whole life the truest Comedy;
Although he be a man
In whom the tailor's forming art
And nimble barber claim more part
Than Nature herself can;
Though, as he uses men, 'tis his intent
To put off death too, with a compliment!

From Lawyers' tongues, though they can spin with ease
The shortest Cause into a paraphrase;
From Usurers' conscience
(For swallowing up young heirs so fast,
Without all doubt, they'll choke at last!);
Make me all innocence!
Good Heaven! and from thy eyes, O, Justice, keep me
For though they be not blind; they're oft asleep

From Singing-Men's religion, who are
Always at Church, just like the crows, 'cause, they
They build themselves a nest;

Abraham Cowley.

From too much Poetry, which shines
With gold in nothing but its lines;
Free, O, ye Powers, my breast!
And from Astronomy, which in the skies
Finds fish and bulls; yet doth but tantalize!

From your Court Madam's beauty, which doth carry
At morning, May; at night, a January;
From the grave City brow
(For though it wants an R, it has
The Letter of PYTHAGORAS!);
Keep me, O, Fortune, now!
And chins of beef innumerable send me;
Or from the stomachs of the Guard defend me!

This only grant me! that my means may lie
Too low for envy; for contempt too high!
Some honour I would have!
Not from great deeds; but good, alone.
Th' ignote are better than ill known!
Rumour can ope the grave!
Acquaintance I would have! but when 't depends,
Not from the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, intertain the light;
And sleep as undisturbed as death, the night!
My house, a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, not luxury!
My garden, painted

Abraham Cowley.

With Nature's hand ; not Art's, and pleasures yield,
HORACE might envy, in his Sabine field!

Thus, would I double my life's fading space!
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race!

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, and happy state;
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate!

But boldly say, each night,
'To-morrow, let my sun, his beams display;
Or in clouds hide them! *I have lived to-day!*'

ON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

MARK, that swift arrow! how it cuts the air!

How it outruns thy hunting eye!

Use all persuasions now; and try
If thou canst call it back! or stay it there!

That way it went; but thou shalt find
No tract of 't left behind!

Fool! 'Tis thy life! and the fond archer, thou!

Of all the time, thou 'st shot away;

,I'll but thee fetch but Yesterday!

And it shall be too hard a task to do.

Besides Repentance; what canst thou find,
That it hath left behind?

Abraham Cowley.

Our life is carried with too strong a tide!
A doubtful cloud, our substance bears;
And is the horse of all our years!
Each day doth, on a wingèd whirlwind ride!
We and our Glass run out; and must
Both render up our dust!

But his past life, who without grief can see;
Who never thinks his end too near:
But says to Fame, 'Thou art mine heir!'
That man extends life's natural brevity!
This is, this is, the only way
T' outlive NESTOR, in a day!

ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition!
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass! which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man:
But Verses only! They shall fresh appear,
Whilst there are men to read, or hear!

When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
And eat the pyramid away;
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust!
Then shall the *Epitaph* remain; and be
New-graven in eternity!

Abraham Cowley.

Poets, by death are conquered; but the wit
Of Poets triumphs over it!
What cannot Verse! When Thracian ORPHEUS took
His Lyre, and gently on it strook;
The learnèd stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming Song!

With artificial pace, the warlike pine,
Th' elm and his wife the ivy twine,
With all the better trees, which erst had stood
Unmoved, forsook their native wood!
The laurel, to the Poet's hand did bow;
Craving the honour of his brow!
And every loving arm embraced, and made
With their officious leaves, a shade.

The beasts too strove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old tyranny.
The fearful hart next to the lion came;
And wolf was shepherd to the lamb!

Nightingales, harmless Sirens of the air
And Muses of the place, were there!
Who, when their little windpipes they had found
Unequal to so strange a sound,
O'ercome by Art, and grief, they did expire;
And fell upon the conq'ring Lyre!
Happy, O, happy they! whose tomb might be.
MAUSOLUS! envièd by thee!

Anonymous.

SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

*A PLEASANT NEW BALLAD, TO SING BOTH EVEN AND MORN,
OF THE BLOODY MURDER OF SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.*

As I went through the North country,
I heard a merry greeting ;
A pleasant toy, and full of joy :
Two noblemen were meeting.

And as they walkèd, for to sport
Upon a summer's day,
Then with another nobleman ;
They went to make a fray !

Whose name was Sir JOHN BARLEYCORN,
He dwelt down in a dale ;
Who had a kinsman dwelt him nigh ;
They called him, THOMAS GOOD-ALE.

Another, namèd RICHARD BEER,
Was ready at that time :
Another worthy knight was there, .
Called Sir WILLIAM WHITE-WINE.

Anonymous.

Some of them fought in a black jack ;
Some of them, in a can :
But the chiefest, in a black pot ;
Like a worthy nobleman.

Sir JOHN BARLEYCORN fought in a bowl ;
Who wan the victory ;
Which made them all to fume ; and swear,
That BARLEYCORN should die !

Some said, ' Kill him ! ' ; some said, ' Drown ! '
Others wished to hang him high !
' For as many as follow BARLEYCORN,
Shall surely beggars die ! '

Then, with a plough, they ploughed him up ;
And thus they did devise,
To bury him quick within the earth ;
And swore, He should not rise !

With harrows strong, they combèd him ;
And burst clods on his head.
A joyful banquet then was made ;
When BARLEYCORN was dead.

He rested still within the earth,
Till rain from skies did fall ;
Then he grew up, in branches green :
Which sore amazed them all !

Anonymous.

And so grew up till Midsummer
Which made them all afeared;
For he was sprouted up on high;
And got a goodly beard.

Then he grew till St. James' tide;
His countenance was wan!
For he was grown unto his strength;
And thus became a man.

With hooks, and [eke with] sickles keen,
Into the field they hied!
They cut his legs off, by the knees;
And made him wounds full wide.

Thus bloodily they cut him down,
From place where he did stand;
And (like a thief, for treachery)
They bound him in a band.

So then, they took him up again,
According to his kind,
And packed him up in several stacks,
To wither with the wind.

And with a pitchfork, that was sharp,
They rent him to the heart;
And (like a thief, for treason vile)
; They bound him in a cart.

Anonymous.

And tending him, with weapons strong,
Unto the town they hie!
And straight they mowed him in a row;
And there they let him lie!

Then, he lay groaning by the walls,
Till all his wounds were sore.
At length, they took him up again,
And cast him on the floor.

They hired two [men], with holly clubs,
To beat on him at once:
They thwacked so [hard] on BARLEYCORN,
That flesh fell from the bones.

And then, they took him up again,
To fulfil women's mind;
They dusted, and they sifted, him,
Till he was almost blind!

And then, they knit him in a sack,
Which grievèd him full sore;
They steeped him in a vat, God wot!
For three days' space and more.

Then, they took him up again,
And laid him for to dry;
They cast him on a chamber floor,
And swore, That he should die!

Anonymous.

They rubbèd, and they stirrèd, him;
And still they did him turn.
The Maltman swore, That he should die;
His body he would burn!

They spitefully took him up again,
And threw him on a kiln:
So dried him there, with fire hot;
And thus they wrought their will.

Then, they brought him to the mill;
And there, they burst his bones.
The Miller swore, to murder him
Betwixt a pair of stones!

Then, they took him up again;
And served him worse than that!
For, with hot scalding liquor store,
They washed him in a vat!

But not content with this, God wot!
That did him mickle harm;
With threatening words, they promised
To beat him into barm!

And lying in this danger deep;
For fear that he should quarrel,
They took him straight out of the vat,
And tunned him in a barrel!

Anonymous.

And then, they set a tap to him !

Even thus, his death begun ;
They drew every dram of blood,
Whilst any drop would run !

Some brought jacks upon their backs,
Some brought bill and bow,
And every man, his weapon had,
BARLEYCORN to overthrow !

When Sir JOHN GOOD-ALE heard of this,
He came, with mickle might,
And there, he took their tongues away,
Their legs, or else their sight !

And thus, Sir JOHN, in each respect,
So paid them all their hire ;
That some lay sleeping by the way,
Some tumbling in the mire.

Some lay groaning by the walls ;
Some, in the streets downright.
The best of them did scarcely know
What they had done o'er-night.

All you good wives, that brew good ale
God turn from you all teen !
But if you put too much water in ;
The Devil put out your eyne !

Anonymous.

A HYMN TO LOVE.

I WILL confess
With cheerfulness
Love is a thing so likes me,
That let her lay
On me all day;
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me!

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry,
'It, ah! too late repents me,
That I did fall
To Love at all!'
Since Love so much contents me.

No! No! I'll be
In fetters free!
While others, they sit wringing
Their hands, for pain;
I'll entertain
The wounds of Love with singing!

With flowers, and wine,
And cakes divine,
To strike me, I will tempt thee!
Which done; no more
I'll come before
Thee, and thine altars, empty!

Rev. Robert Herrick.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty bowl
Up to the brim!
That I may drink
Unto my JONSON's soul.

Crown it again! again!
And thrice repeat
That happy heat,
To drink to thee, my BEN!

Well I can quaff, I see!
To th' number five,
Or nine: but thrive
In frenzy ne'er like thee!

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON.

WHEN I a verse shall make;
Know, I have prayed thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint BEN, to aid me!

• Make the way smooth for me!
• When I, thy HERRICK!
Honouring thee, on my knee
• Offer my Lyric!

Rev. Robert Herrick.

Candles I'll give to thee ;
And a new altar !
And thou, Saint BEN, shalt be
Writ in my *Psalter* !

AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON.

AH ! BEN !
Say how, or when,
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the *Sun*,
The *Dog*, the *Triple Tun* ?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild ; not mad !
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat ! outdid the frolic wine !

MY BEN !
Or come again ;
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus !
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband 't ;
Lest we that Talent spend !
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a Wit ; the World should have no more !

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

I TELL thee, DICK! where I have been!
Where I, the rarest things have seen;

O, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground;
Be it at Wake! or Fair!

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st!) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there, did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine!)
Walked on before the rest.
Our landlord looks like nothing to him!
The King (God bless him!), 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest!

At Course-a-Park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the Maids i' th' town;
Though lusty ROGER there had been
Or little GEORGE upon the Green,
Or VINCENT of the *Crown*.

Sir John Suckling.

But wot you what! The Youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing.

• The Parson for him stayed.
Yet, by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale!):
For such a Maid no Whitsun Ale
Could ever yet produce!
No grape that 's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft, as She;
Nor half so full of juice!

Her Finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on; which they did bring.
It was too wide a peck!
And to say truth, for out it must!
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her Feet, beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But O, She dances such a way!
No sun, upon an Easter Day,
Is half so fine a sight! . . .

Sir John Suckling.

Her Cheeks so rare a white was on ;
No daisy makes comparison !
 Who sees them is undone !
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katharine pear
 (The side that 's next the sun !).

Her Lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin
 (Some bee had stung it newly !):
But, DICK! her Eyes so guard her face ;
I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the sun in July!

Her Mouth so small, when She does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth, her words did break!
 That they might passage get :
But She so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better ;
 And are not spent a whit! . . .

Just in the nick, the Cook knocked thrice,
And all the Waiters, in a trice,
 His summons did obey ;
Each Serving Man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our Trained Band,
 Presented, and away!

Sir John Suckling.

When all the meat was on the table;
What man of knife, or teeth, was able

• To stay to be intreated!

And this the very reason was,
Before the Parson could say Grace,
The company was seated!

The business of the kitchen 's great!
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied!
(Passion o' me! how I run on!
There 's that, that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the Bride!)

Now, hats fly off; and Youths carouse!
Healts first go round; and then the house!
The Bride's came thick and thick!
And when 'twas named another's Health;
Perhaps, he made it hers by stealth!
(And who could help it? Dick!)

O' th' sudden, up they rise and dance!
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance!
Then dance again, and kiss!
Thus, several ways, the time did pass;
Whilst ev'ry woman wished her place,
And ev'ry man wished his! . . .

Sir John Suckling.

HONEST Lover whosoever,
If, in all thy love, there ever
Was one wav'ring thought; if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same :

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss!
And to love true;
Thou must begin again, and love anew!

If when She appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art [not] struck dumb;
And in striving this to cover,
Dost not speak thy words twice over :

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss!
And to love true;
Thou must begin again, and love anew!

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects, for graces take;
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
When She hath little, or nothing, spoken :

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss!
And to love true;
Thou must begin again, and love anew!

Sir John Suckling.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou lett'st not men ask, and ask again;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was ask'd thee, properly :

Know this, .

Thou lov'st amiss !

And to love true ;

Thou must begin again, and love anew !

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers, 'stead of meat;
And with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from the place :

Know this,

Thou lov'st amiss !

And to love true ;

Thou must begin again, and love anew !

If, by this, thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect Lover ;
And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew :

Know this,

Thou lov'st amiss !

And to love true ;

Thou must begin again, and love anew !

Sir John Suckling.

LOVE AND DEBT ALIKE TROUBLEſOME.

THIS one request I make to him that ſits the clouds above,
That I were freely out of Debt, as I am out of Love!
Then for to dance, to drink, and ſing, I ſhould be very willing!
I ſhould not owe one Laſs a kiſs; nor ne'er a Knaue a ſhilling!

'Tis only being in Love and Debt, that breaks us of our reſt;
And he that is quite out of both, of all the World is bleſt!
He ſees the Golden Age; wherein all things were free and common.
He eats, he drinks, he takes his reſt, he fears no man nor woman.

Though CRÆSUS compaſſed great wealth; yet he ſtill crav'd more!
He was as needy a beggar ſtill, as goes from door to door!
Though OVID were a merry man; Love ever kept him ſad!
He was as far from happineſs, as one that is ſtark mad!

Our Merchant, he in goods is rich, and full of gold and treaſure;
But when he thinks upon his debts, that thought deſtroys his pleaſure!
Our Courtier thinks that he 's preferred; whom every man envies!
When Love ſo rumbles in his pate, no ſleep comes in his eyes!

Our Gallant's caſe is worſt of all! he lies ſo juſt betwixt them:
For he 's in Love, and he 's in Debt; and knows not which moſt vex
But he that can eat beef, and feed on bread which is ſo brown, [him!
May ſatisfy his appetite, and owe no man a crown!

And he that is content with Laſſes clothed in plain woollen,
May cool his heat, in every 'Alas!' He need not to be ſullen;
Nor ſigh for loye of Lady fair! For this, each wiſe man knows,
As good ſtuff under flannel lies, as under ſilken clothes!

Sir John Suckling.

THAT none beguiled be, by Time's quick flowing;
Lovers have, in their hearts, a Clock still going!
 For though Time be nimble; his motions
 Are quicker,
 And thicker,
Where LOVE hath his notions.

Hope is the Mainspring, on which moves Desire;
And these do the less Wheels, Fear, Joy, inspire.
 The Balance is Thought, evermore
 Clicking,
 And striking,
And ne'er giving o'er!

Occasion's the Hand; which still's moving round,
Till, by it, the critical hour may be found!
 And when that falls out; it will strike
 Kisses,
 Strange blisses,
And what you best like!

Sir John Suckling.

Dost see, how unregarded now
That piece of Beauty passes!
There was a time, when I did vow
To that alone!
But mark the fate of Faces!
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm; or I not see!

And yet the Face continues good;
And I have still desires!
Am still the selfsame flesh and blood!
As apt to melt,
And suffer from those fires!
O, some kind Power! unriddle where it lies!
Whether my heart be faulty; or her eyes?

She, every day, her man does kill;
And I as often die!
Neither her power then, nor my will,
Can questioned be!
What is the mystery?
Sure, Beauty's empires, like to greater States,
Have certain periods set, and hidden fates!

LOVING AND BELOVED.

THERE never yet was honest man
That ever drove the trade of Love!
It is impossible! nor can
Integrity our ends promote!
For Kings and Lovers are alike in this:
That their chief art in reign, dissembling is!

Here, we are loved; and there, we love!
Good Nature now and Passion strive
Which of the two should be above;
And laws unto the other give!
So we, false fire with art sometimes discover;
And the true fire, with the same art, do cover!

What rack can Fancy find so high!
Here, we must court; and here, engage:
Though in the other place, we die!
O, 'tis torture all, and cozenage!
And which the harder is, I cannot tell!
To hide true love; or make false love look well!

Since it is thus: God of desire,
Give me my honesty again!
And take thy brands back; and thy fire!
I'm weary of the state I'm in!
Since (if the very best should now befall!)
Love's Triumph must be Honour's Funeral!

Sir John Suckling:

No! no! fair heretic! It needs must be
But an ill love in me;
And worse for thee!
For were it in my power
To love thee now, this hour,
More than I did the last;
I would then so fall,
I might not love at all!
Love that can flow, and can admit increase;
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less!

True Love is still the same! The Torrid Zones,
And those more Frigid ones,
It must not know!
For Love grown cold, or hot,
Is lust, or friendship; not
The thing we have!
For that 's a flame would die,
Held down, or up too high!
Then think, I love more than I can express;
And would love more, could I but love thee less!

Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
Three Mates, to play at Barley Break.
Love, Folly took; and Reason, Fancy;
And Hate consorts with Pride. So dance they!
Love coupled last; and so it fell
That Love and Folly were in 'Hell.'

Sir John Suckling.

They break! and Love would Reason meet;
But Hate was nimbler on her feet.
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hies; and they two hug together.
Yet this new coupling still doth tell
That Love and Folly were in 'Hell.'

The rest do break again! and Pride
Hath now got Reason on her side.
Hate and Fancy meet; and stand
Untouched by Love in Folly's hand.
Folly was dull; but Love ran well:
So Love and Folly were in 'Hell.'

I PRITHEE, send me back my heart!
Since I cannot have thine;
For if, from yours you will not part;
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on 't; let it lie!
To find it were in vain;
For th' hast a thief in either eye,
Would steal it back again!

Why should two hearts in one breast lie;
And yet not lodge together?
O, LOVE, where is thy sympathy?
If thus our breasts thou sever!

Sir John Suckling.

But Love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out!
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt!

•

Then, farewell, care! and farewell, woe!
I will no longer pine!
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as She hath mine!

Of thee, kind Boy! I ask no red and white,
To make up my delight!
No odd becoming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats in faces!
Make me but mad enough! Give me good store,
Of love for her I court!
I ask no more!
'Tis love, in love, that makes the sport!

There 's no such thing as that we Beauty call!
It is mere cozenage all!
For though, some long ago,
Liked certain colours mingled so and so;
That doth not tie me now from choosing new!
If I a fancy take
To black and blue;
That fancy doth it Beauty make!

Sir John Suckling.

'Tis not the meat; but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight!
And if I like one dish
More than another, that a pheasant is!
What in our watches, that in us, is found!
So to the height and nick,
We up be wound;
No matter, by what hand, or trick!

Why so pale and wan? fond Lover!
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute? young sinner!
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! This will not move,
This cannot take, her!
If, of herself, She will not love;
Nothing can make her!
The Devil take her!

Sir John Suckling.

I PRITHEE, spare me, gentle Boy!
Press me no more for that slight toy,
That foolish trifle, of a heart!
I swear, it will not do its part!
Though thou dost thine; employ'st thy power and art!

For, through long custom, it has known
The little secrets; and is grown
Sullen and wise! will have its will!
And, like old hawks, pursues that still
That makes least sport! flies only, where 't can kill!

Some Youth, that has not made his story,
Will think, perchance, the pain 's the glory!
And mannerly sit out Love's Feast.
I shall be carving of the best;
Rudely call for the last course, 'fore the rest.

And O, when once that course is past;
How short a time the Feast doth last!
Men rise away, and scarce say Grace;
Or civilly once thank the Face
That did invite: but seek another place.

Sir John Suckling.

A SESSIONS OF THE POETS.

A SESSIONS was held, the other day,
And APOLLO himself was at it, they say ;
The Laurel, that had been so long reserved,
Was now to be given to him best deserved :

And

Therefore the Wits of the Town came thither.
'Twas strange to see how they flocked together !
Each, strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the Laurel away that day.

There SELDEN, and he sat hard by the Chair ;
WENIMAN not far off, which was very fair ;
SANDYS with TOWNSEND, for they kept no order !
DIGBY and SHILLINGSWORTH, a little further :

And

There was LUCAN's Translator too ; and he
That makes GOD speak so big in 's poetry :
SELWIN, and WALTER, and BARTLETS both the brothers ;
JACK VAUGHAN, and PORTER, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old BEN,
Prepared before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly, He deserved the Bays,
For his were called *Works* ; where others' were but *Plays*.

And

Bid them remember, how he had purged the Stage
Of errors, that had lasted many an Age ;
And he hopes they did not think the *Silent Woman*,
The *Fox*, and the *Alchemist*, outdone by no man.

'~~And~~' pped him there, and bade him not go on.
'~~Twas~~ merit,' he said, 'and not presumption
Must carry 't!' At which, BEN turned about;
And, in great choler, offered to go out.

But

Those that were there, thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a Wit;
And therefore APOLLO called him back again,
And made him mine Host of his own *New Inn*.

TOM CAREW was next: but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a Laureate.
His Muse was hard-bound; and th' issue of 's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain:

And

All that were present there did agree,
A Laureate Muse should be easy and free!
Yet, sure, 'twas not that! But 'twas thought that his *Grace*
Considered he was well, he had a Cup-bearer's place.

WILL. DAVENANT, ashamed of a foolish mischance
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hoped, The handsomeness of 's Muse
Might any deformity about him excuse:

And

Surely the company would have been content,
If they could have found any precedent!
But, in all their records, either in verse or prose,
There was not one Laureate without a nose!

TO WILL. BARTLET, sure, all the Wits meant
But, first, they would see how his snow would sell!
WILL. smiled, and swore, In their judgements they went less.
That concluded of merit upon success.

Suddenly taking his place again ;
He gave way to SELWIN, who, straight, stepped in :
But, alas, he had been so lately a Wit,
That APOLLO hardly knew him yet.

TOBY MATTHEWS (pox on him! how came he there?)
Was whispering nothing in somebody's ears,
When he had the honour to be named in Court ;
But, Sir, you may thank my Lady CARLISLE for 't!

For had not her care furnished you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt,
You and your sorry Lady Muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

In haste from the Court, two or three came in ;
And they brought Letters, forsooth! from the Queen.
'Twas discreetly done too! for if th' had come
Without them, th' had scarce been let into the room.

SUCKLING next was called ; but did not appear ;
But, straight, one whispered APOLLO i' th' ear,
'That of all men living, he cared not for 't!
He loved not the Muses so well as his sport.

Sir John Suckling.

'And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the Trophies of Wit.'
But APOLLO was angry; and publicly said,
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon 's head!

WAT MONTAGU now stood forth to his trial;
And did not so much as suspect a denial!
But witty APOLLO asked him, first of all,
'If he understood his own Pastoral?

'For, if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear
He understood more than any man there;
And did merit the Bays above all the rest.'
But the Monsieur was modest, and silence confest.

During these troubles, in the Court was hid
One that APOLLO soon missed, little CID;
And having spied him, called him out of the throng,
And advised him, in his ear, not to write so strong!

MURRAY was summoned but 'twas urged, That he
Was Chief already of another Company.

HALES, set by himself, most gravely did smile
To see them, about nothing keep such a coil.
APOLLO had spied him; but, knowing his mind,
Passed by, and called FALKLAND that sat just behind

But

He was, of late, so gone with Divinity,
That he had almost forgot his Poetry;
Though, to say truth (and APOLLO did know it),
He might have been both his Priest and his Poet!

Sir John Suckling.

At length, who but an Alderman did appear;
At which WILL. DAVENANT began to swear:
But wiser APOLLO bade him draw higher,
And, when he was mounted a little higher,

Openly declared, 'That the best sign'
Of good store of wit 's to have a good store of coin
And, without a syllable more or less said,
He put the Laurel on the Alderman's head.

At this, all the Wits were in such a maze,
That, for a good while, they did nothing but gaze
One upon another. Not a man in the place,
But had discontent writ in great on his face!

Only the Small Poets cleared up again!
Out of hope (as 'twas thought) of borrowing:
But, sure, they were out! For he forfeits his crown;
When he lends any Poets about the Town.

HAST thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have tossed it!
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crossed it!
Hast thou marked the crocodile's weeping;
Or the fox's sleeping!
Or hast viewed the peacock in his pride!
Or the dove by his bride,
When he courts for his lechery!
O, so fickle, O, so vain, O, so false, so false is She!

Sir John Suckling.

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a Heart
(Time strangely spent !), a year, and more ;
And still I did my part.

Made my approaches ; from her hand
Unto her lip did rise ;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less Art ;
My Tongue was Engineer.
I thought to undermine the Heart,
By whispering in the ear !

When this did nothing ; I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town :
And still it yielded not !

I then resolved to starve the place,
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

Sir John Suckling.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in;
And brought myself to lie at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own;
The Enemy lay quiet too,
And smiled at all was done.

I sent to know, From whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy informed, 'Honour was there;
And did command in chief.'

'March! March!', quoth I, 'The word straight
give!
Let 's lose no time; but leave her!
That giant upon air will live;
And hold it out for ever!

'To such a place, our camp remove;
As will no siege abide!
I hate a Fool that starves her love,
Only to feed her pride!'

Sir John Suckling.

Out upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again,
Such a constant Lover!

But the spite on 't is, No praise
Is due at all to me!
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but She!

Had it any been but She,
And that very face;
There had been, at least, ere this,
A dozen dozen in her place!

Sir Toby Matthews.

[AN ANSWER.]

SAY, but did you love so long!
In troth, I needs must blame you!
Passion did your Judgement wrong;
Or want of Reason shame you!

Truth, Time's fair and witty daughter,
Shortly shall discover,
Y' are a subject fit for laughter;
And more Fool than Lover!

But I grant, you merit praise
For your constant folly.
Since you doted three whole days;
Were you not melancholy?

She, to whom you proved so true,
And that very, very face,
Puts, each minute, such as you,
A dozen dozen to disgrace.

THE HUNTER IN HIS CAREER.

LONG ere the morn'
Expects the return
Of APOLLO from the Ocean Queen;
Before the creak
Of the crow, and the break
Of the day in the welkin seen;
Mounted, he'd hollo!
And cheerfully follow
To the chase. With his bugle clear,
Echo doth he make;
And the mountains shake
With the thunder of his career.

Now bonny Bay
In his foin waxeth gray.
Dapple Gray waxeth bay in his blood.
White Lily stops
With the scent in her chops;
And Black Lady makes it good.
Poor silly Wat,
In this wretched state,
Forgets these delights for to hear;
Nimble she bounds
From the cry of the hounds,
And the music of their career.

William Basse.

Hills, with the heat
Of the gallopers' sweat,
Revive their frozen tops,
And the dāles' purple flowers,
That droop from the showers
That down from the rowels drops.
Swains, their repast,
And strangers, their haste,
Neglect; when the horns they do hear,
To see a fleet
Pack of hounds in a sheet,
And the Hunter in his career.

Thus he careers
Over heaths, over meres,
Over deeps, over downs, over clay;
Till he hath won
The noon from the morn,
And the evening from the day.
His sport then he ends,
And joyfully wends
Home again to his cottage; where
Frankly he feasts
Himself and his guests,
And carouses in his career.

THE BROWN BEAUTY.

WHILE the two contraries of Black and White,
In the Brown PHAIE are so well unite,
That they no longer now seem opposite;
 Who doubts but LOVE hath this his colour chose!
 Since he therein doth both th' extremes compose;
 And as within their proper centre close.

Therefore as it presents not to the view
That whitely raw and unconcocted hue,
Which beauty northern nations think the true:
 So neither hath it that adust aspect,
 The Moor and Indian so much affect,
 That for it, they all other do reject.

Thus while the White well shadowed doth appear,
And Black doth, through his lustre, grow so clear,
That each in other equal part doth bear;
 All in so rare proportion is combined,
 That the fair temper which adorns her mind,
 Is even to her outward form confined.

PHAIE, your sex's honour! then so live
That when the World shall with contention strive
To whom they should a chief perfection give,
 They might the controversy so decide,
 As, quitting all extremes on either side,
 You, more than any, may be dignified!

Edward Herbert, Lord Herbert of Chirbury.

THE THOUGHT.

If you do love as well as I,
Then, every minute, from your heart
 A thought doth part;
And wingèd with desire doth fly
Till it hath met, in a straight line,
 A thought of mine,
So like to yours, we cannot know
Whether of both doth come, or go,
 Till we define
Which of us two, that thought doth owe [*own*].

I say then, That your thoughts which pass,
Are not so much the thoughts you meant;
 As those I sent!
For as my image in a glass,
Belongs not*to the glass you see,
 But unto me;
So when your fancy is so clear, .
That you would think you saw me there;
 It needs must be,
That it was I did first appear.

Edward Herbert, Lord Herbert of Chirbury.

Likewise, when I send forth a thought,
My reason tells me, 'Tis the same
Which from you came;
And which your beauteous image wrought.
Thus while our thoughts by turns do lead,
None can precede!
And thus, while in each other's mind
Some interchangèd forms we find,
Our loves may plead
To be of more than vulgar kind!

May you then often think on me!
And, by that thinking, know 'tis true
I thought on you.
I, in the same belief will be!
While, by this mutual address,
We will possess
A love must live, when we do die!
Which rare and secret property
You will confess;
If you do love as well as I.

THE END OF THE JONSON ANTHOLOGY.

FIRST LINES AND NOTES.

Many of these Poems became immediately popular and appeared in other contemporary editions than those here quoted, often with great variations in the texts.
All the Works herein quoted, were published in London unless otherwise stated.
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